SILVER SURFER
15¢
8 SEPT
SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS!
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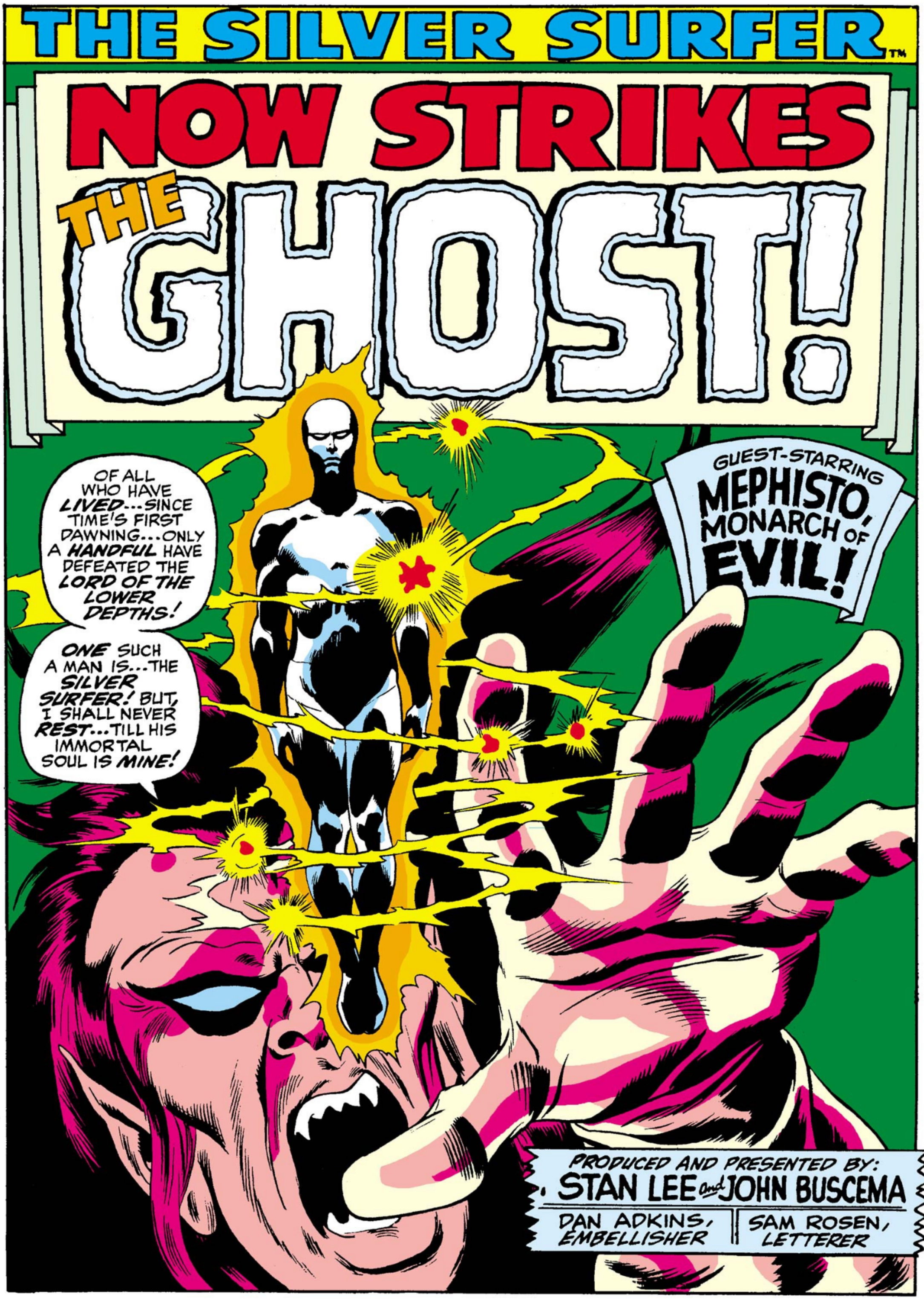
THE SILVER SURFER™
NOW ONLY 15¢
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
INTRODUCING: THE GHOST!
E59
TAXI



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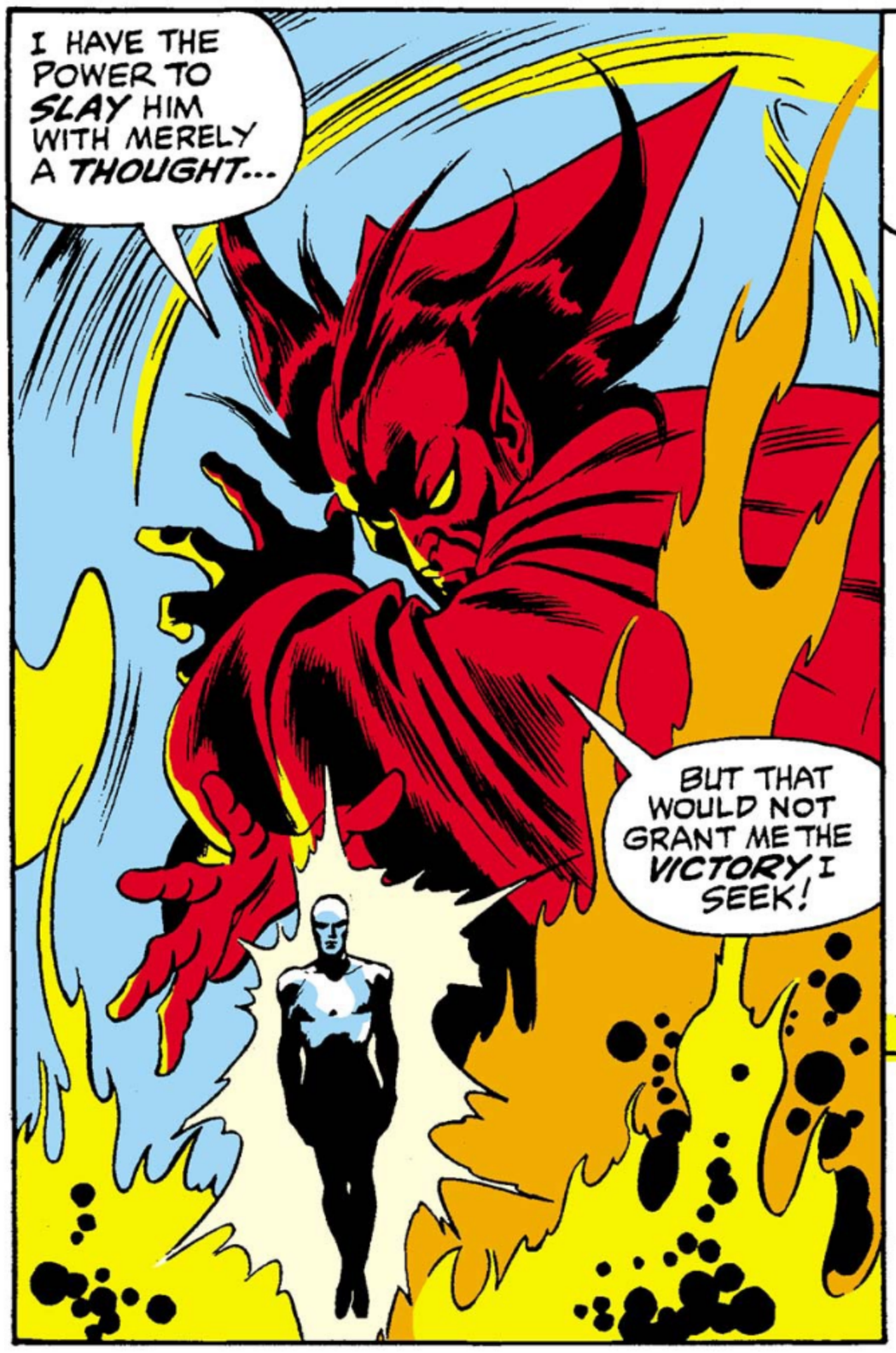
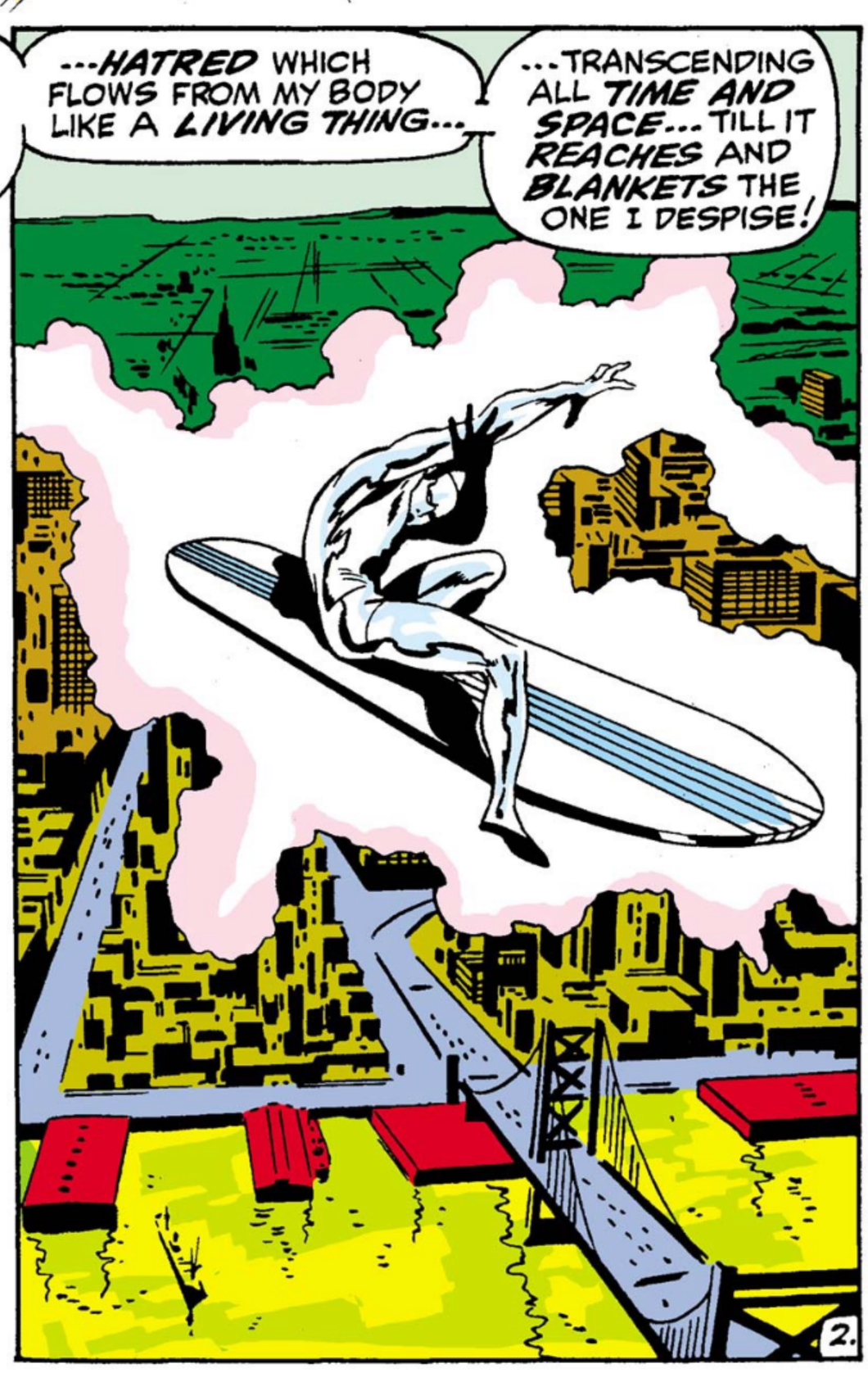

I HAVE THE POWER TO SLAY HIM WITH MERELY A THOUGHT...
BUT THAT WOULD NOT GRANT ME THE VICTORY I SEEK!

IT IS HIS SOUL... NOT HIS LIFE...THAT I HUNGER FOR!
BUT IT CAN NEVER BE MINE...WHILE HIS SPIRIT DEFIES ME!

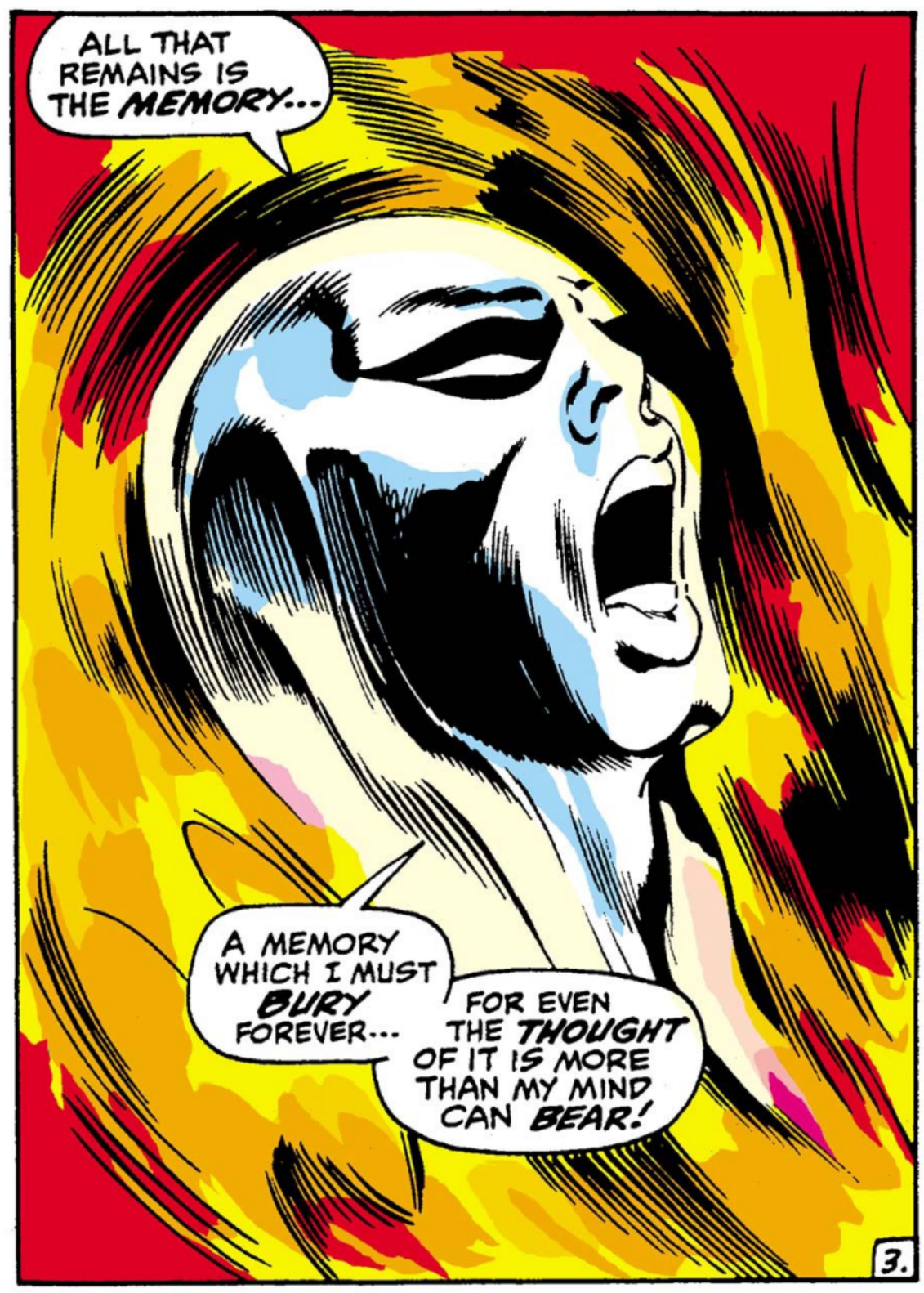
NOT FOR UNTOLD AGES HAS THE HEART OF MEPHISTO NURTURED SUCH BURNING HATRED--

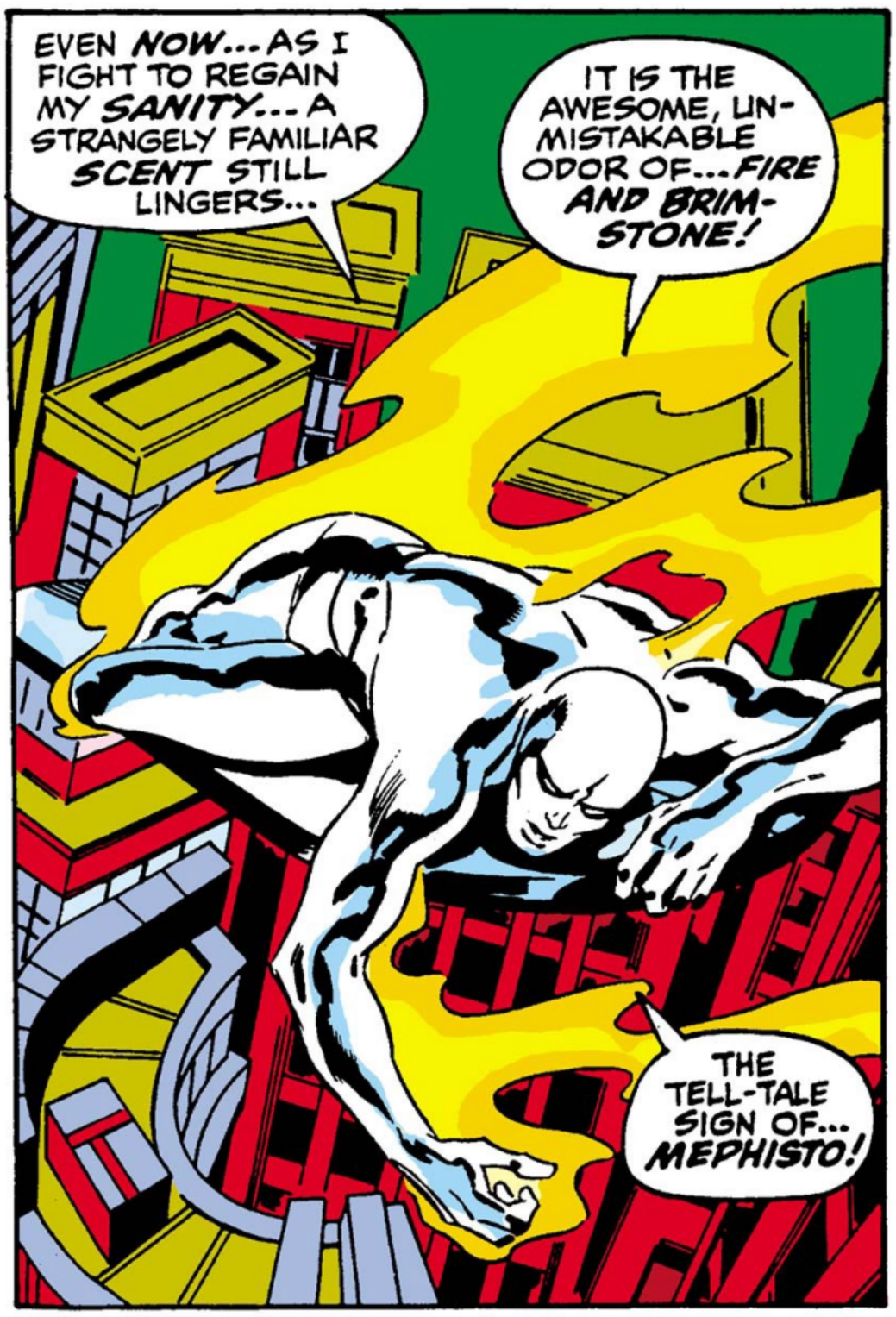

...HATRED WHICH FLOWS FROM MY BODY LIKE A LIVING THING...
...TRANSCENDING ALL TIME AND SPACE... TILL IT REACHES AND BLANKETS THE ONE I DESPISE!
2.

MY HEAD... RACKED WITH SEARING PAIN... SUCH AS I HAVE NEVER KNOWN!

IT ASSAILS ME...ASSAULTS ME...ENGULFS ME!!
THE UNIVERSE ITSELF HAS BECOME A SEETHING SEA OF SUFFERING!

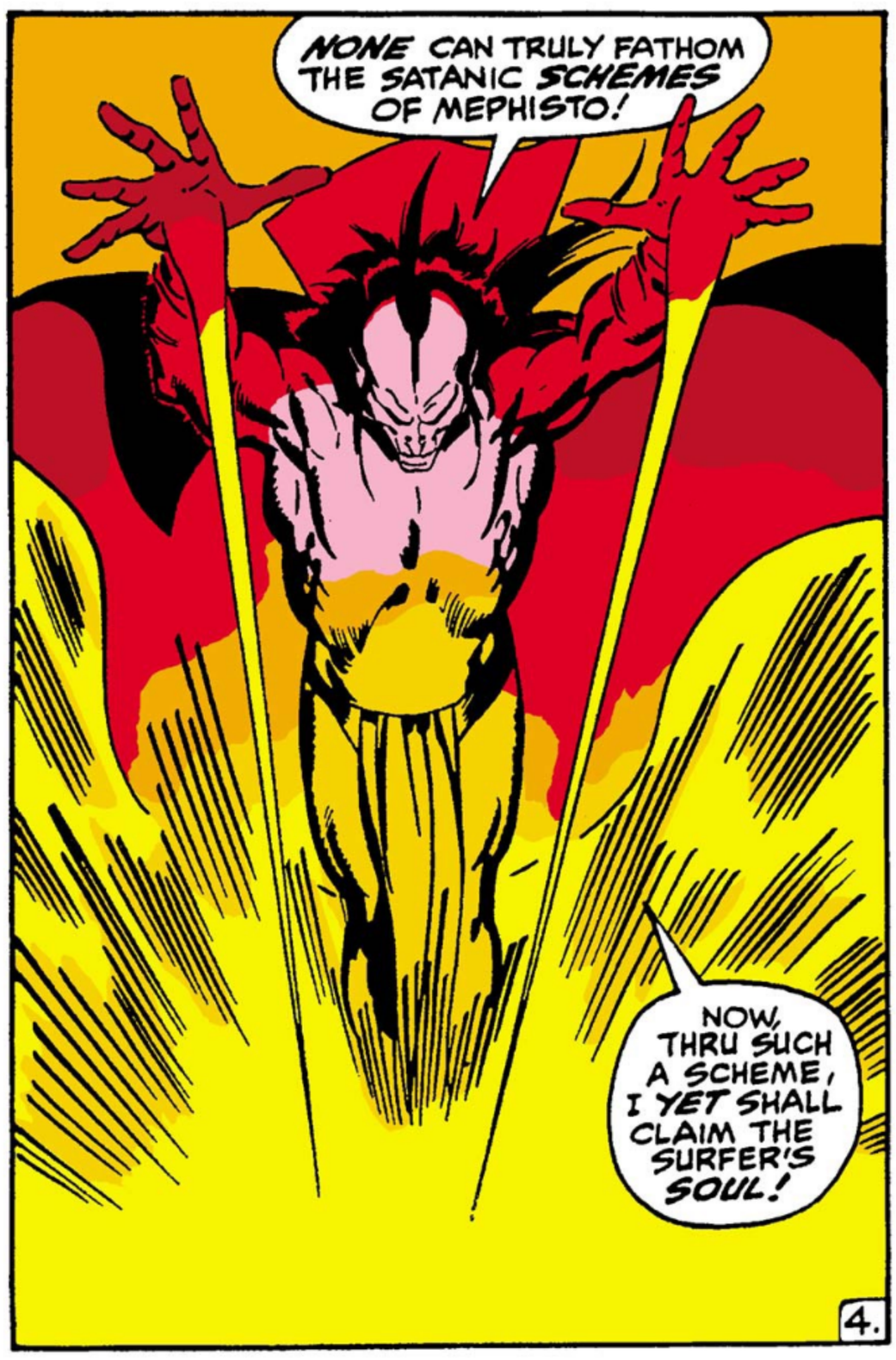
BUT NOW... WHEN IT HAS REACHED THE LIMIT OF MORTAL ENDURANCE...
AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED ...IT IS GONE!


ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE MEMORY...
A MEMORY WHICH I MUST BURY FOREVER...
FOR EVEN THE THOUGHT OF IT IS MORE THAN MY MIND CAN BEAR!

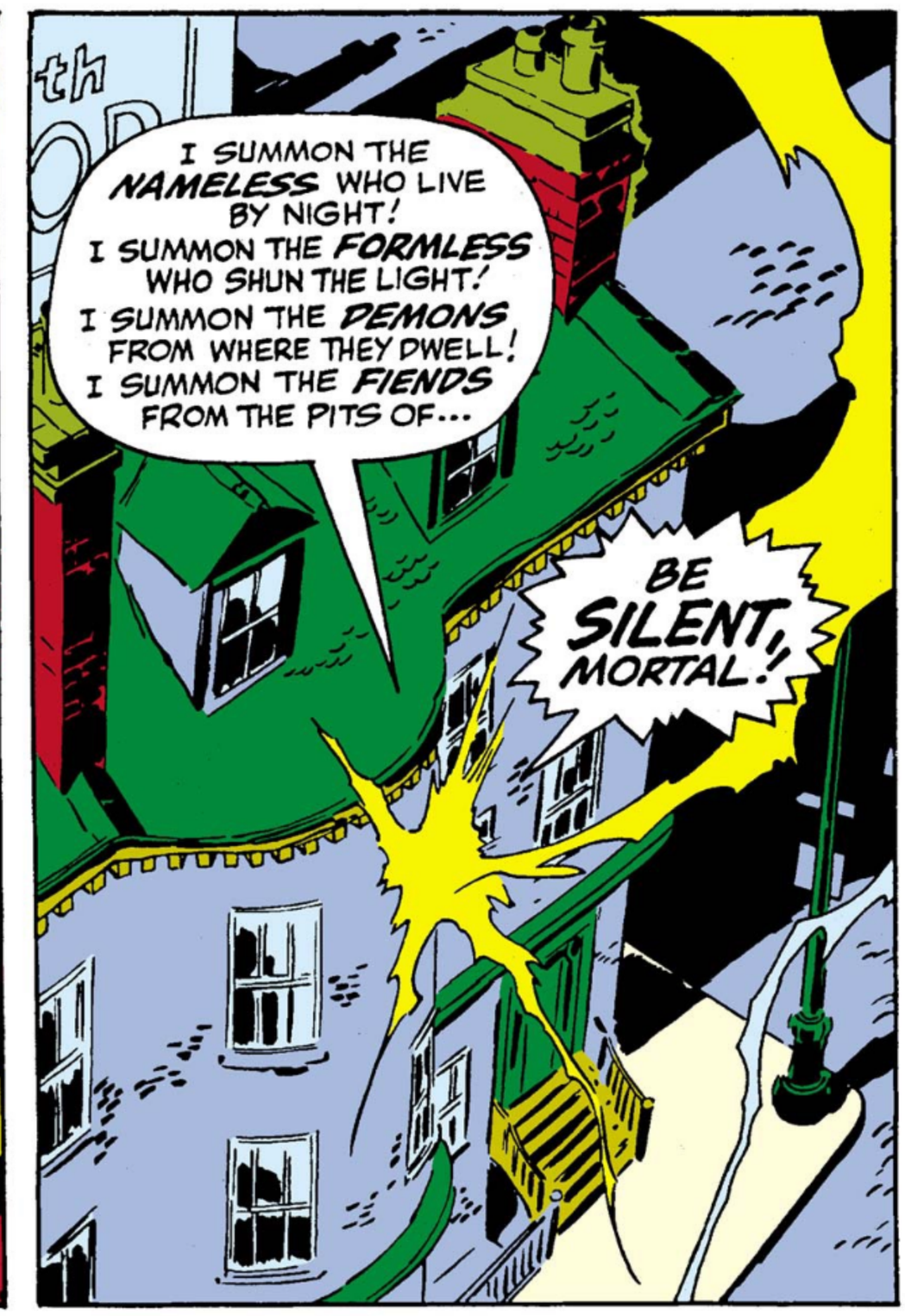

EVEN NOW... AS I FIGHT TO REGAIN MY SANITY... A STRANGELY FAMILIAR SCENT STILL LINGERS...
IT IS THE AWESOME, UNMISTAKABLE ODOR OF... FIRE AND BRIMSTONE!
THE TELL-TALE SIGN OF... MEPHISTO!

I MUST EXERCISE MORE CAUTION!
IF MY POWER SHOULD SLAY HIM... BEFORE HE HAS PLEDGED ME HIS SOUL...
THEN HE WILL BE OUT OF MY REACH... FOREVER!
THAT MUST NOT BE! THAT SHALL NOT BE!

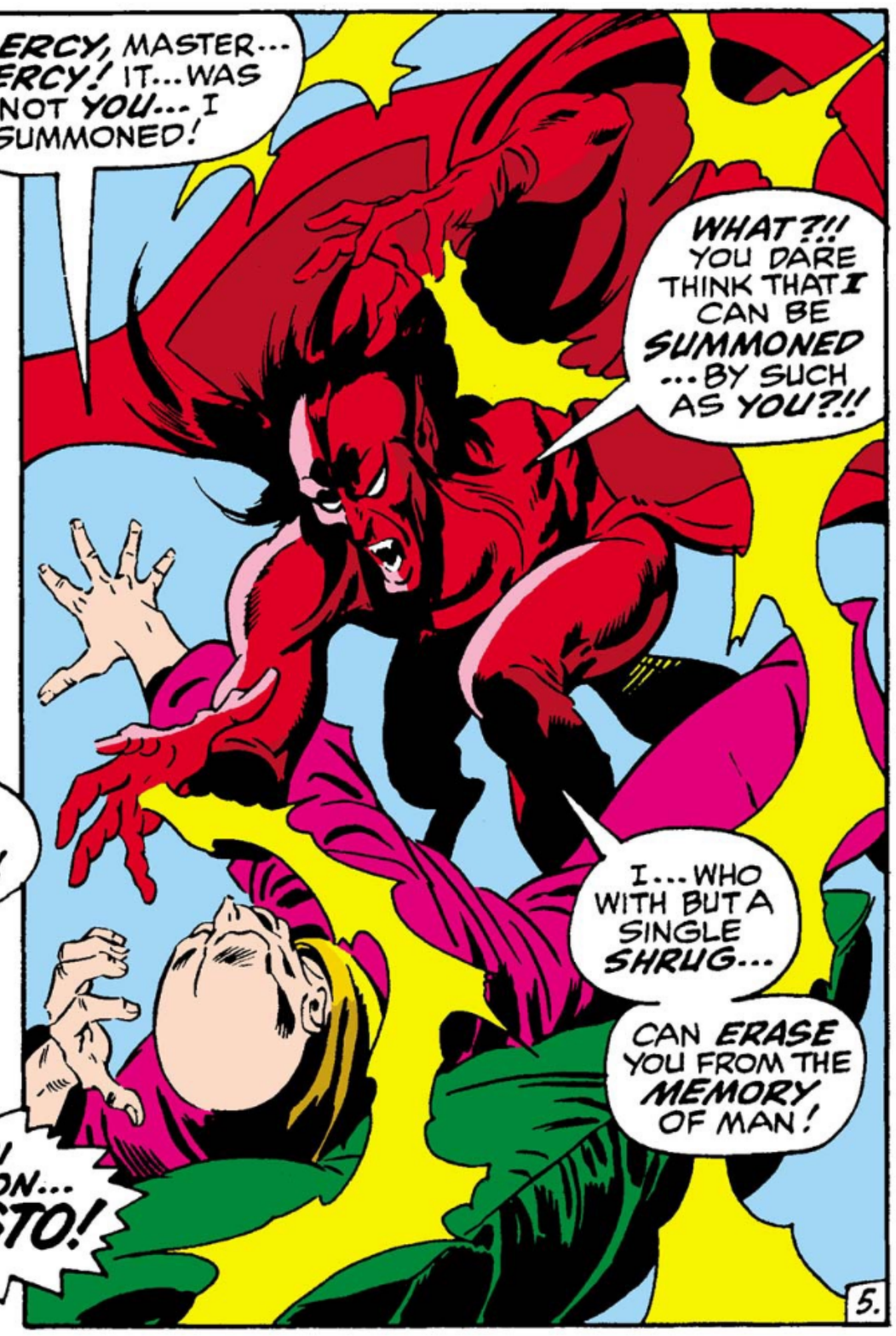
ON THE SURFACE OF EARTH THERE ARE MANY WHO DARE TO DABBLE IN THE FORBIDDEN ARTS!
I SHALL FIND ME SUCH A ONE...
AND HIM WILL I EMPLOY TO DO MY BIDDING!


NONE CAN TRULY FATHOM THE SATANIC SCHEMES OF MEPHISTO!
NOW, THRU SUCH A SCHEME, I YET SHALL CLAIM THE SURFER'S SOUL!

SECONDS LATER, IN A DARKENED FURNISHED ROOM, A BROODING FIGURE SITS... MUMBLING AGE-OLD INCANTATIONS...
BY THE TUFTED HORNS OF BEELZEBUB, BY LUCIFER'S FIERY EYES, IN THE NAME OF THE ONES WITH CLOVEN HOOVES, LET THE FLAMES OF EVIL RISE!

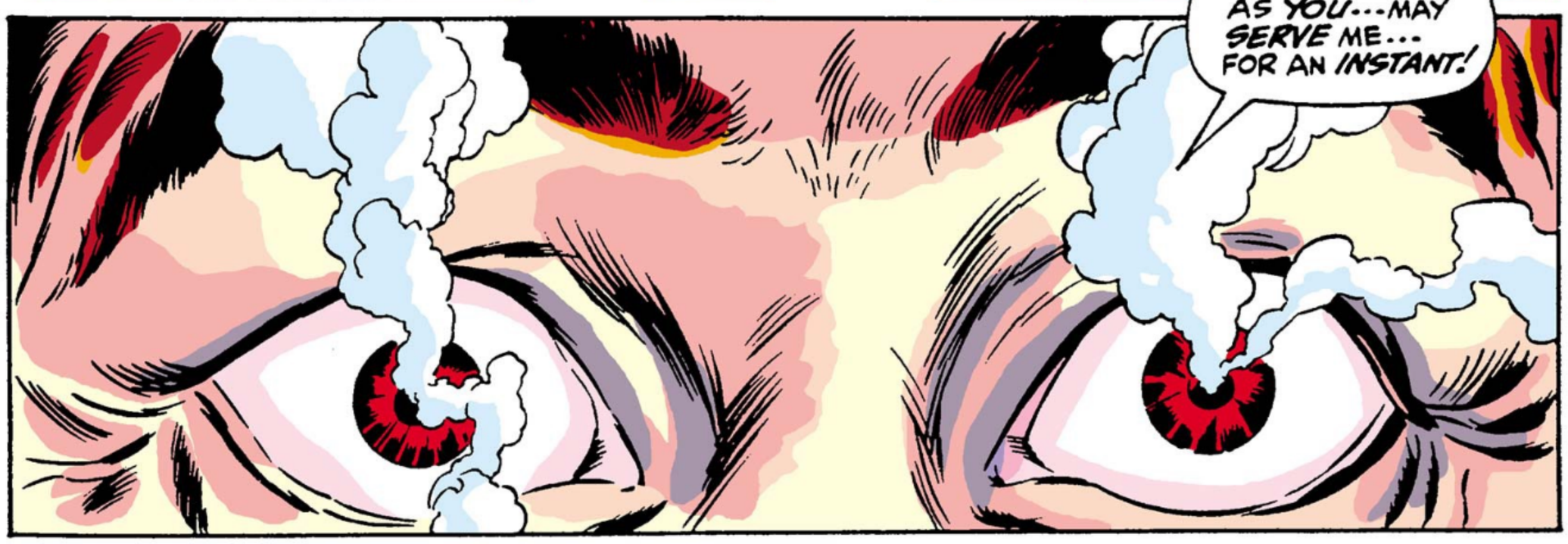

I SUMMON THE NAMELESS WHO LIVE BY NIGHT!
I SUMMON THE FORMLESS WHO SHUN THE LIGHT!
I SUMMON THE DEMONS FROM WHERE THEY DWELL!
I SUMMON THE FIENDS FROM THE PITS OF...
BE SILENT, MORTAL!

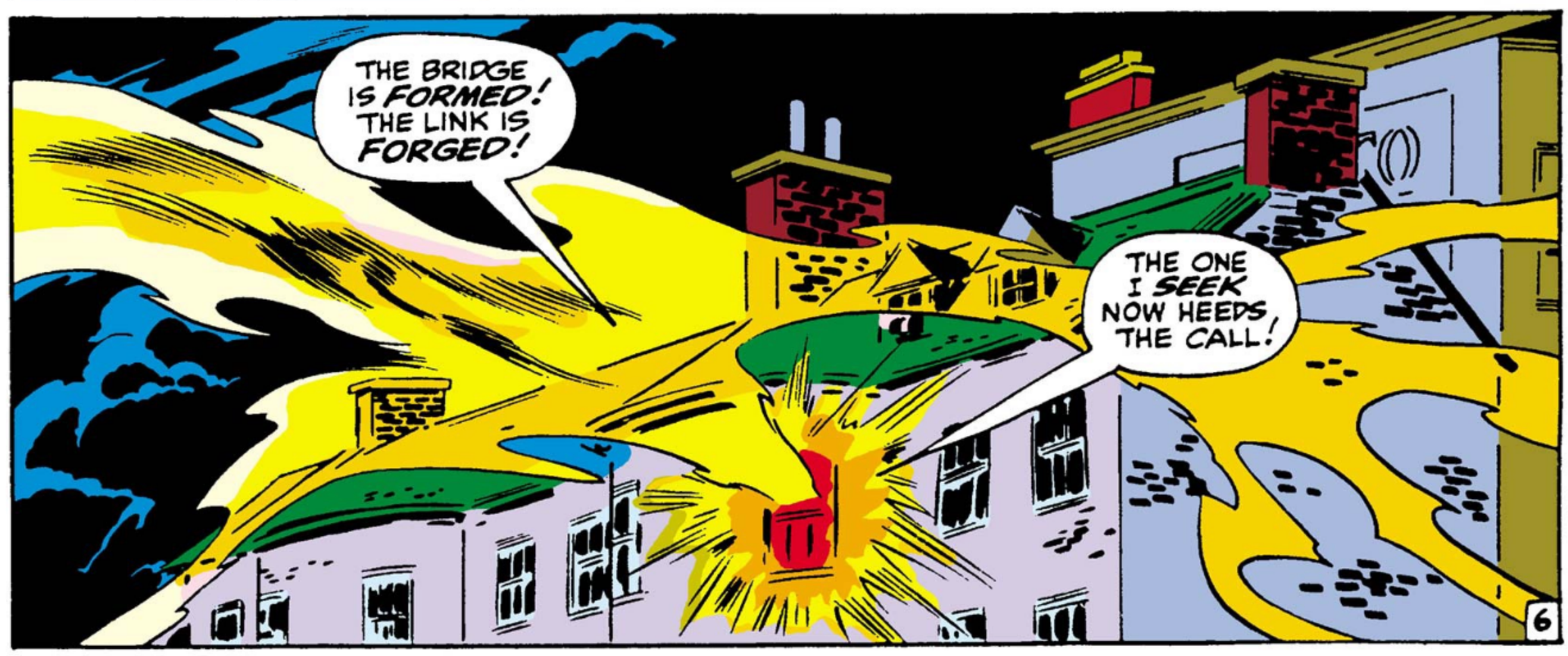
YOU, WHO HAVE TAKEN MY NAME IN VAIN...
YOU HAVE CONJURED FAR MORE THAN YOU DARE TO DREAM!
NO! NO!
IT CANNOT BE! NOT YOU! NOT YOU!
WELL MAY YOU TREMBLE!
FOR, YOU GAZE UPON... MEPHISTO!

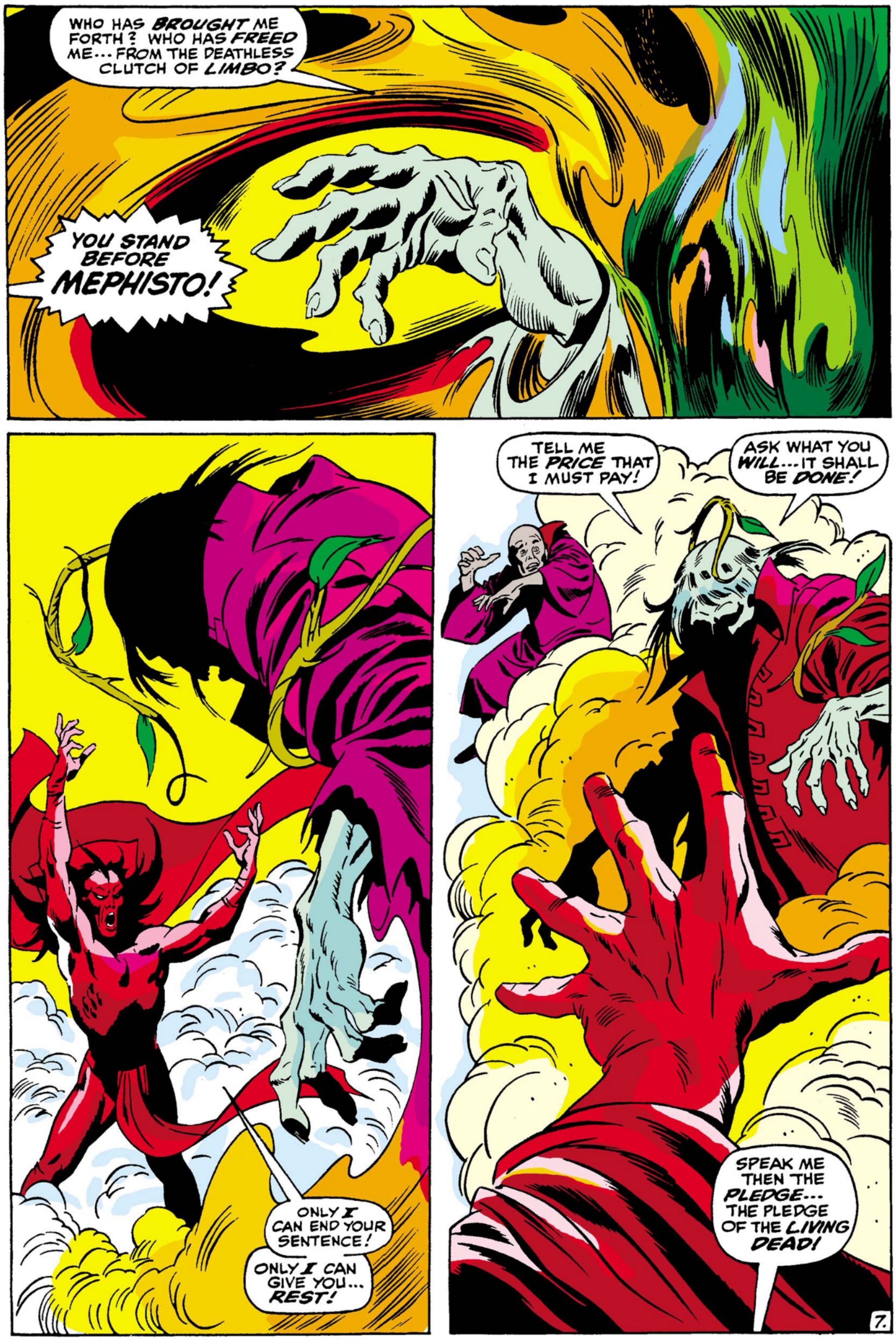

MERCY, MASTER... MERCY! IT... WAS NOT YOU... I SUMMONED!
WHAT?!! YOU DARE THINK THAT I CAN BE SUMMONED ...BY SUCH AS YOU?!!
I... WHO WITH BUT A SINGLE SHRUG...
CAN ERASE YOU FROM THE MEMORY OF MAN!

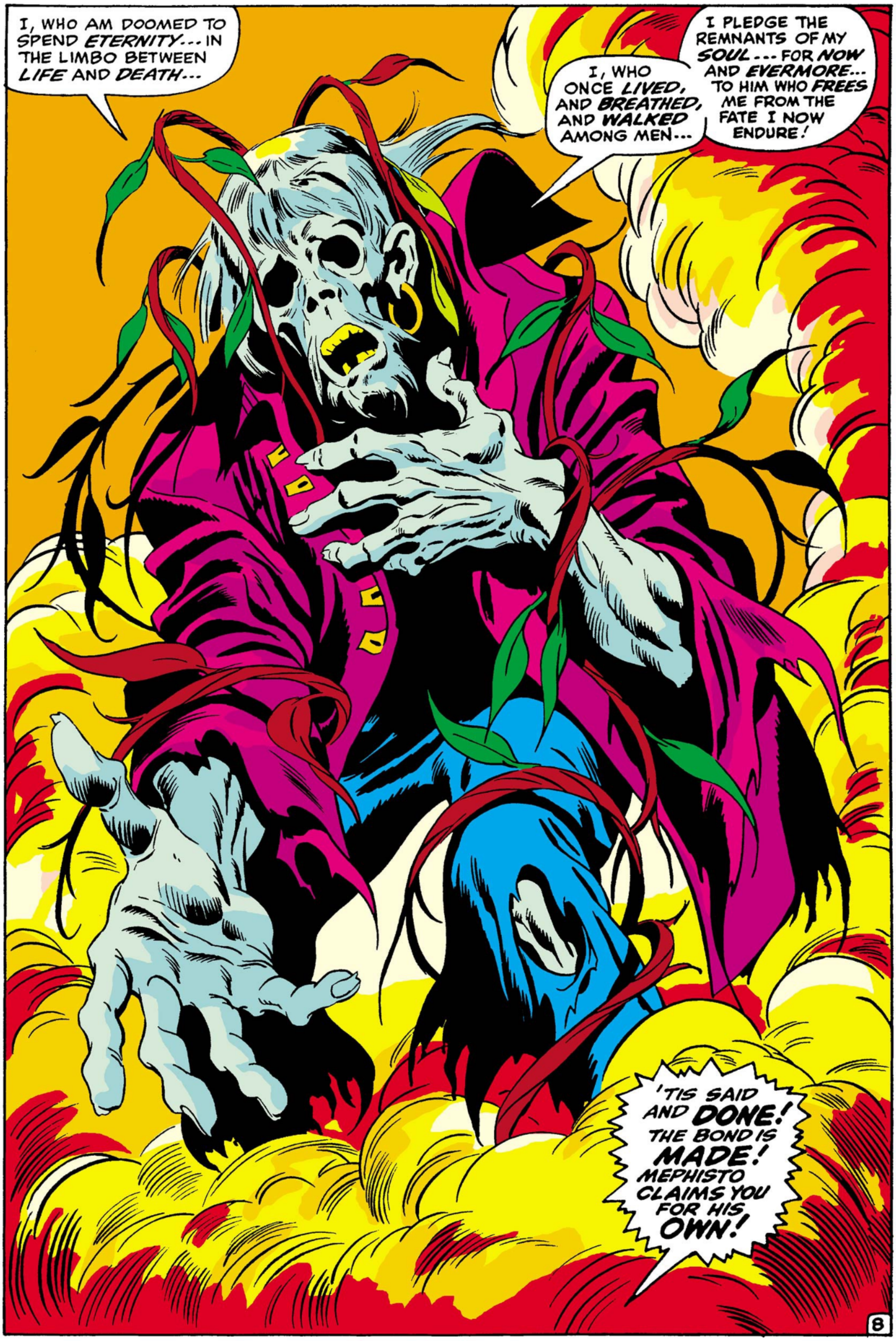
I DO BUT PLAN TO USE YOU...
AS I WOULD USE AN HERB ...A WEED... ANY LIVING OBJECT THAT WILL SERVE MY SATANIC PURPOSE!
NOW...BE YOU SILENT...AS I SEAL THIS CHAMBER WITH A GLANCE!
NONE MAY INTRUDE AS I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!

I SEEK A SOUL WHO DWELLS IN LIMBO!
A SOUL IN TORMENT THAT HAS KNOWN NO REST!
ONLY THE MIND OF AN EARTH-BOUND MORTAL CAN BE THE BRIDGE OVER WHICH IT SHALL CROSS!


THUS, EVEN ONE AS LOWLY AS YOU...MAY SERVE ME... FOR AN INSTANT!


THE BRIDGE IS FORMED! THE LINK IS FORGED!
THE ONE I SEEK NOW HEEDS THE CALL!


WHO HAS BROUGHT ME FORTH? WHO HAS FREED ME... FROM THE DEATHLESS CLUTCH OF LIMBO?
YOU STAND BEFORE MEPHISTO!
ONLY I CAN END YOUR SENTENCE!
ONLY I CAN GIVE YOU... REST!
TELL ME THE PRICE THAT I MUST PAY!
ASK WHAT YOU WILL... IT SHALL BE DONE!
SPEAK ME THEN THE PLEDGE... THE PLEDGE OF THE LIVING DEAD!
7.

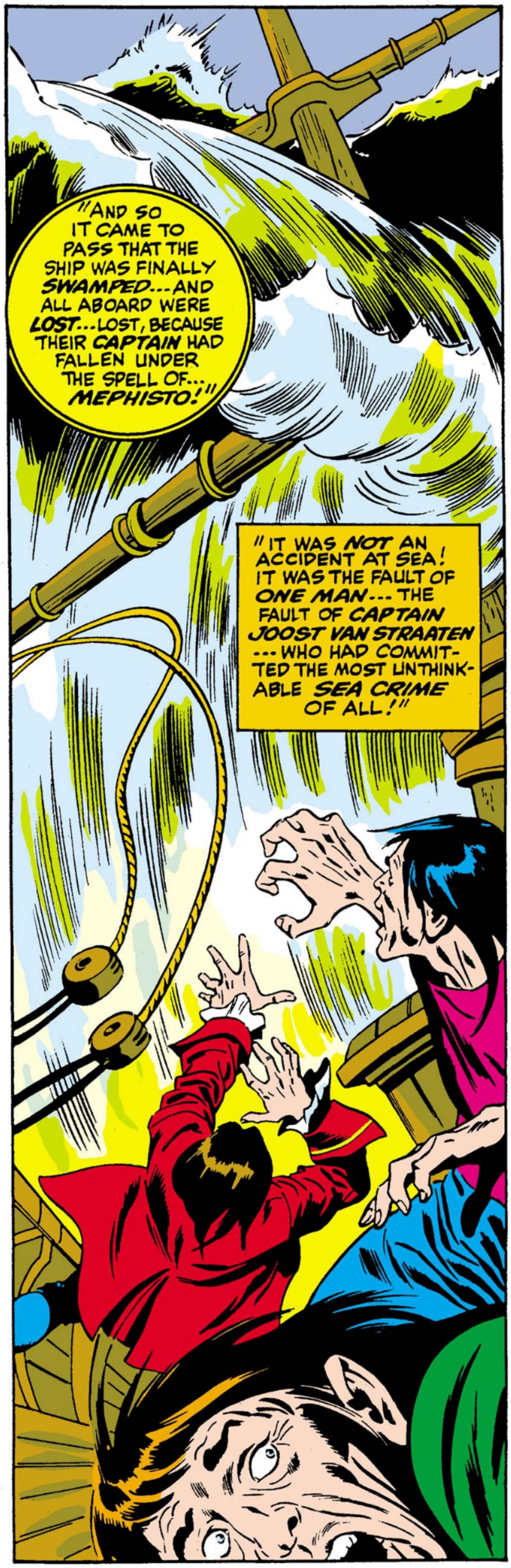

I, WHO AM DOOMED TO SPEND ETERNITY... IN THE LIMBO BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...
I, WHO ONCE LIVED, AND BREATHED, AND WALKED AMONG MEN...
I PLEDGE THE REMNANTS OF MY SOUL... FOR NOW AND EVERMORE... TO HIM WHO FREES ME FROM THE FATE I NOW ENDURE!
'TIS SAID AND DONE! THE BOND IS MADE! MEPHISTO CLAIMS YOU FOR HIS OWN!
8

BUT FIRST, I WOULD HEAR YOUR SORDID SAGA ONCE AGAIN!
FOR MY SPIRIT EVER THRIVES ON TALES OF WRETCHED WOE!
YOU KNOW THE STORY WELL!
'TWAS YOU WHO WERE THE CAUSE!
NO MATTER! SPEAK--- THAT I MAY REVEL IN YOUR TALE OF TORMENT!

MY NAME WAS JOOST VAN STRAATEN--- I WAS AN HONEST SEA CAPTAIN--- BEFORE YOU FILLED MY HEART WITH COLD, CONSUMING GREED---
THE SEA GROWS STORMY!
LET US HEAD FOR SHORE, MY CAPTAIN!!
YOU ARE COWARDS ALL!
THE VOYAGE GOES ON--- TILL THE TREASURE I SEEK IS MINE!

"IT WAS DEATH TO CONTINUE--- BUT I COULD NOT STOP! INTO THE TEETH OF THE STORM WE SAILED--- MY THOUGHTS OF HIDDEN WEALTH DEAFENING ME TO THE ANGUISHED CRIES OF MY CREW---!"
THE WAVES GROW EVER HIGHER! WE CANNOT REMAIN ON DECK!
HELP US, CAPTAIN--- HELP US!
WE ARE BEING SWEPT OVER-BOARD!

"BUT TO ME, THEIR LIVES MEANT NOTHING!"
MAINTAIN YOUR COURSE, YE SWABS!!
IF A MAN AMONG YE DESERTS HIS POST... HE DIES!
BUT...WE ALL WILL DIE... IF WE DO NOT TURN BACK!
BAH! NONE WOULD MISS THE LIKES OF YOU!

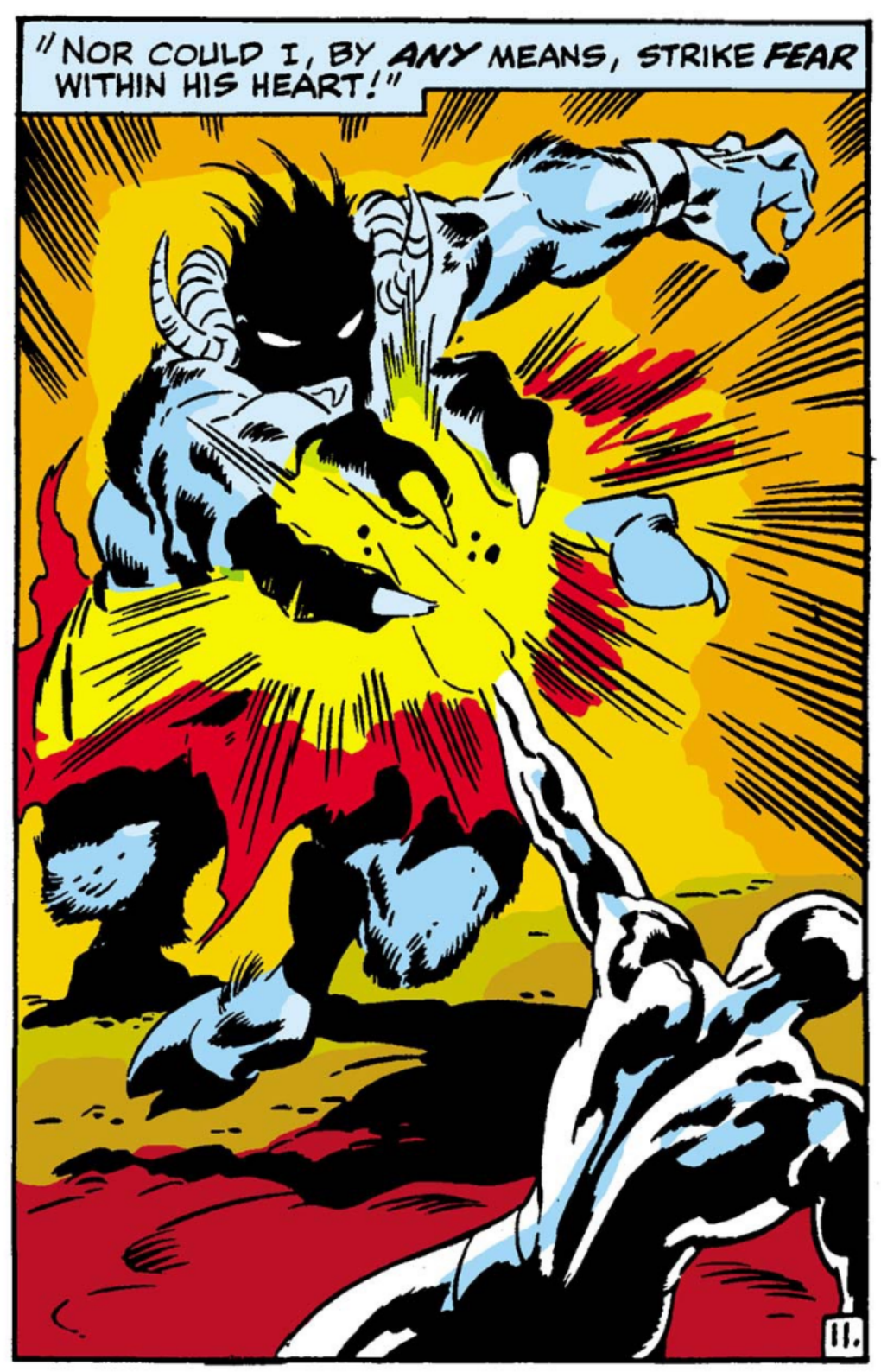

"AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE SHIP WAS FINALLY SWAMPED... AND ALL ABOARD WERE LOST... LOST, BECAUSE THEIR CAPTAIN HAD FALLEN UNDER THE SPELL OF... MEPHISTO!"
"IT WAS NOT AN ACCIDENT AT SEA! IT WAS THE FAULT OF ONE MAN... THE FAULT OF CAPTAIN JOOST VAN STRAATEN ... WHO HAD COMMITTED THE MOST UNTHINKABLE SEA CRIME OF ALL!"

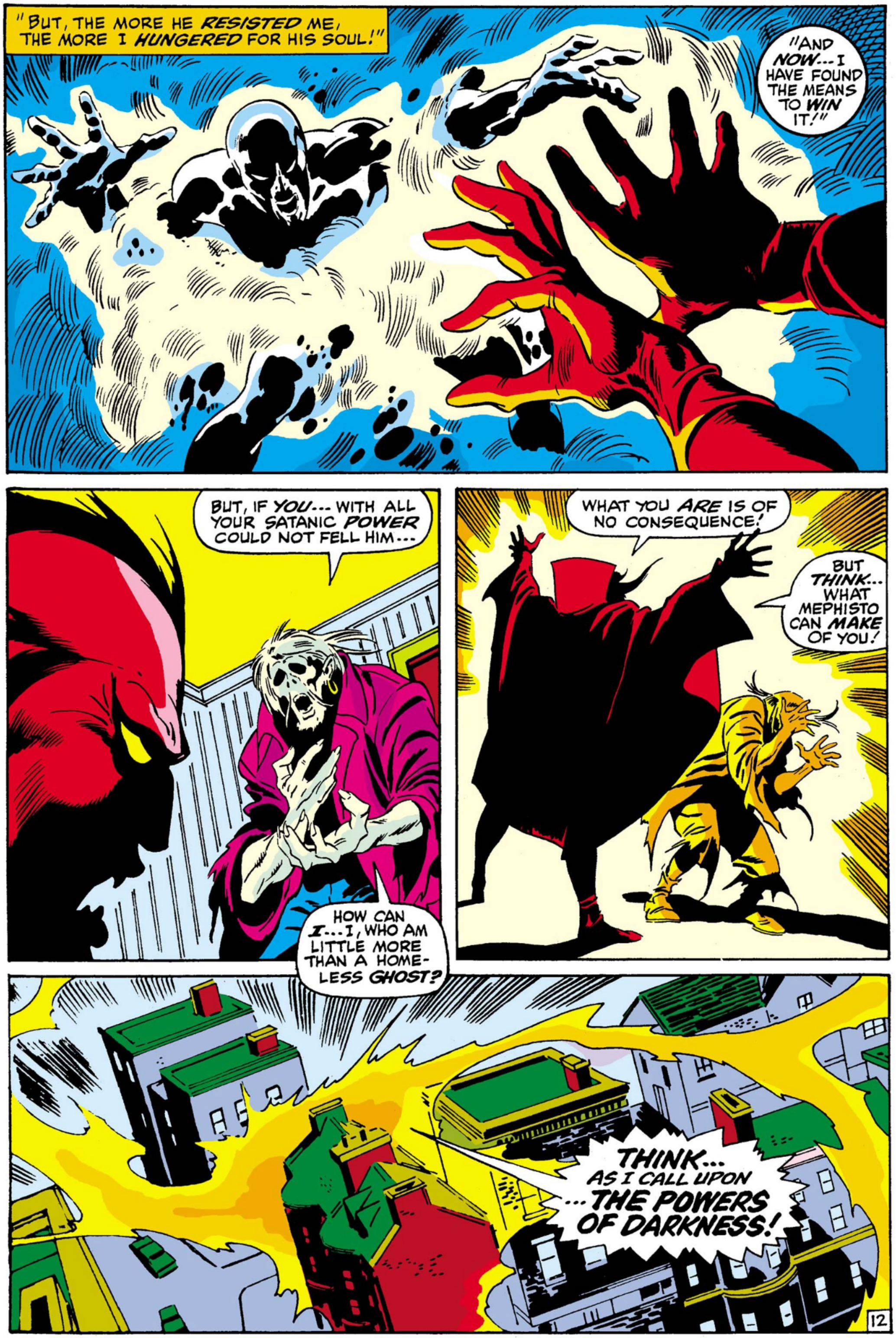
"A CRIME SO HEINOUS THAT NOT EVEN DEATH WOULD CLAIM ME! NEITHER HEAVEN NOR HELL WAS TO BE MY FATE ...!"
THE OTHERS ARE LEAVING! THEIR SOULS SOON WILL BE AT REST!
BUT, WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOU-SHALL-NEVER-KNOW-REST!
YOU-SHALL-SAIL-THE-SEVEN-SEAS-ON-A-VOYAGE-WITHOUT-END!
AND-MEN-WILL-CALL-YOU... THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!

YOU DID THAT TO ME... THOSE LONG YEARS AGO!
BUT WHY? WHY? WHY?
HOW CAN YOU COMPREHEND THE MOTIVES OF MEPHISTO?
SUFFICE IT TO SAY I KNEW THE TIME WOULD COME... WHEN I WOULD REACH OUT TO LIMBO... AND DESIRE ONE TO SERVE ME!
BUT HOW? HOW CAN I SERVE YOU NOW?

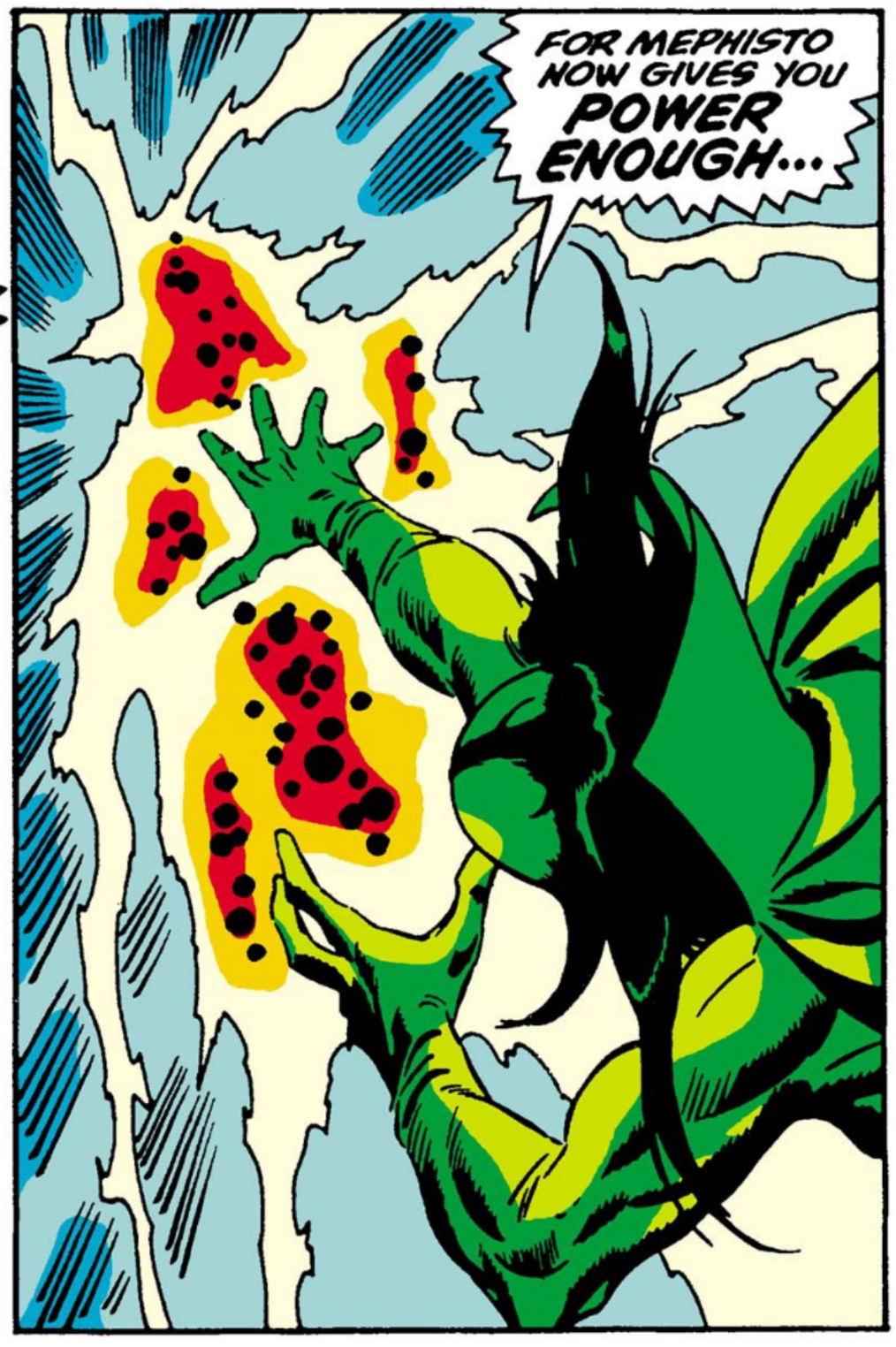
PAY HEED, AND YOU SHALL LEARN!
BEHOLD... AS I SUMMON FORTH THE ACCURSED IMAGE OF... THE SILVER SURFER!

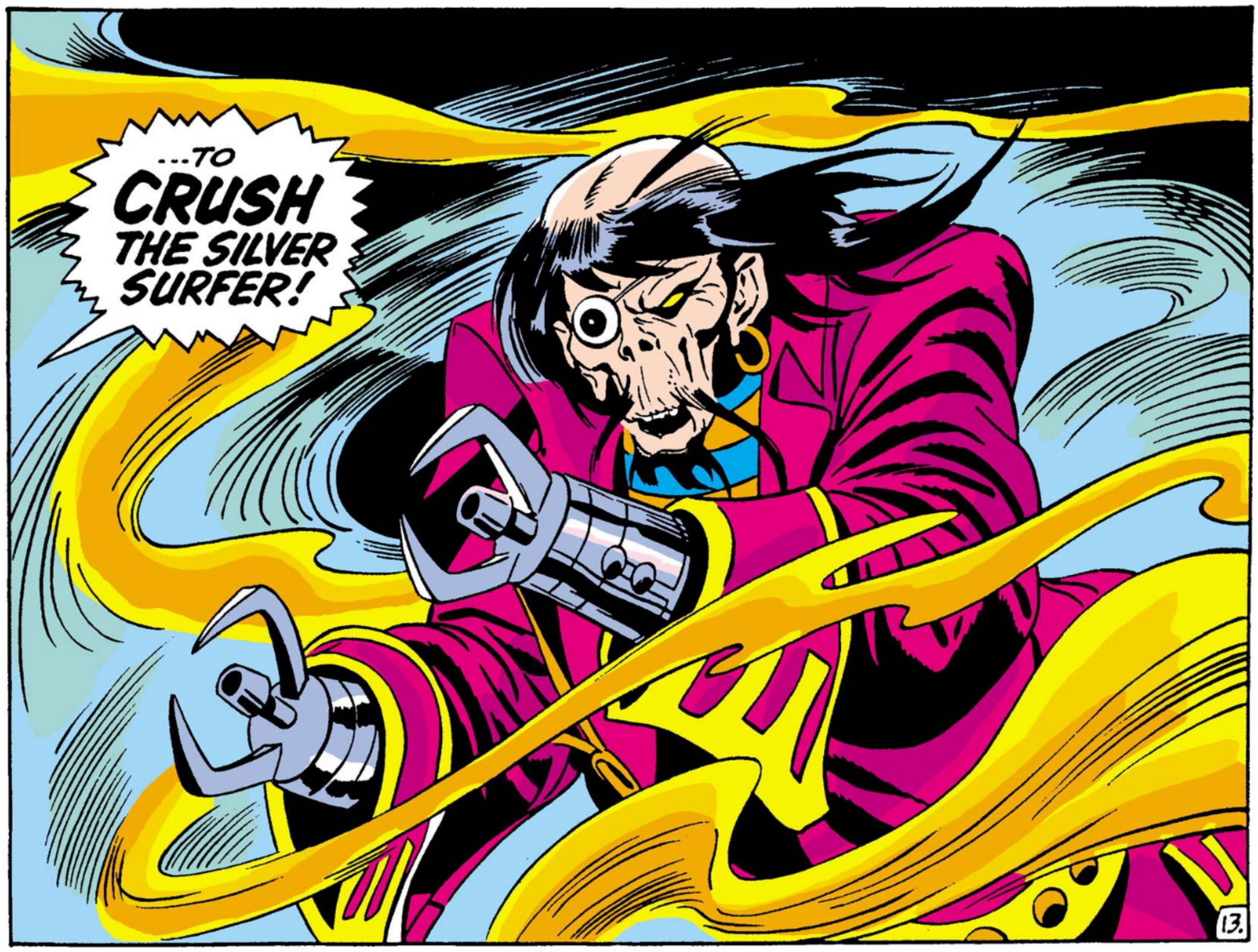
"UNLIKE YOURSELF... I COULD NOT CAUSE HIS DOWNFALL BY THE LURE OF GOLD... OR THE PROFERRING OF POWER!"

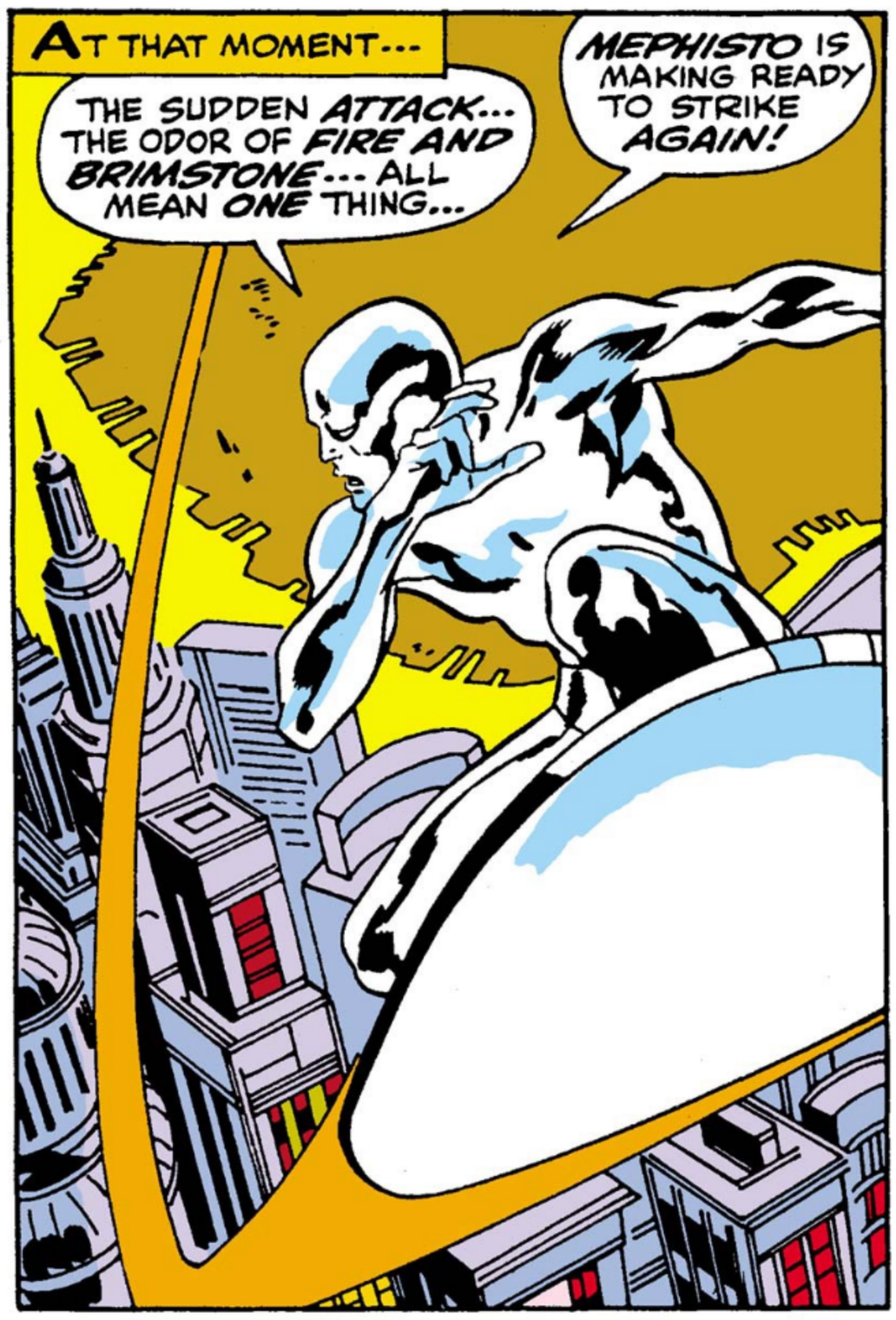

"NOR COULD I, BY ANY MEANS, STRIKE FEAR WITHIN HIS HEART!"


"BUT, THE MORE HE RESISTED ME, THE MORE I HUNGERED FOR HIS SOUL!"
"AND NOW... I HAVE FOUND THE MEANS TO WIN IT!"
BUT, IF YOU... WITH ALL YOUR SATANIC POWER COULD NOT FELL HIM...
HOW CAN I... I, WHO AM LITTLE MORE THAN A HOME-LESS GHOST?
WHAT YOU ARE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE!
BUT THINK... WHAT MEPHISTO CAN MAKE OF YOU!
THINK... AS I CALL UPON ...THE POWERS OF DARKNESS!
12

THINK NOT OF WHAT YOU WERE...
BUT OF WHAT YOU SHALL BE!


FOR MEPHISTO NOW GIVES YOU POWER ENOUGH...

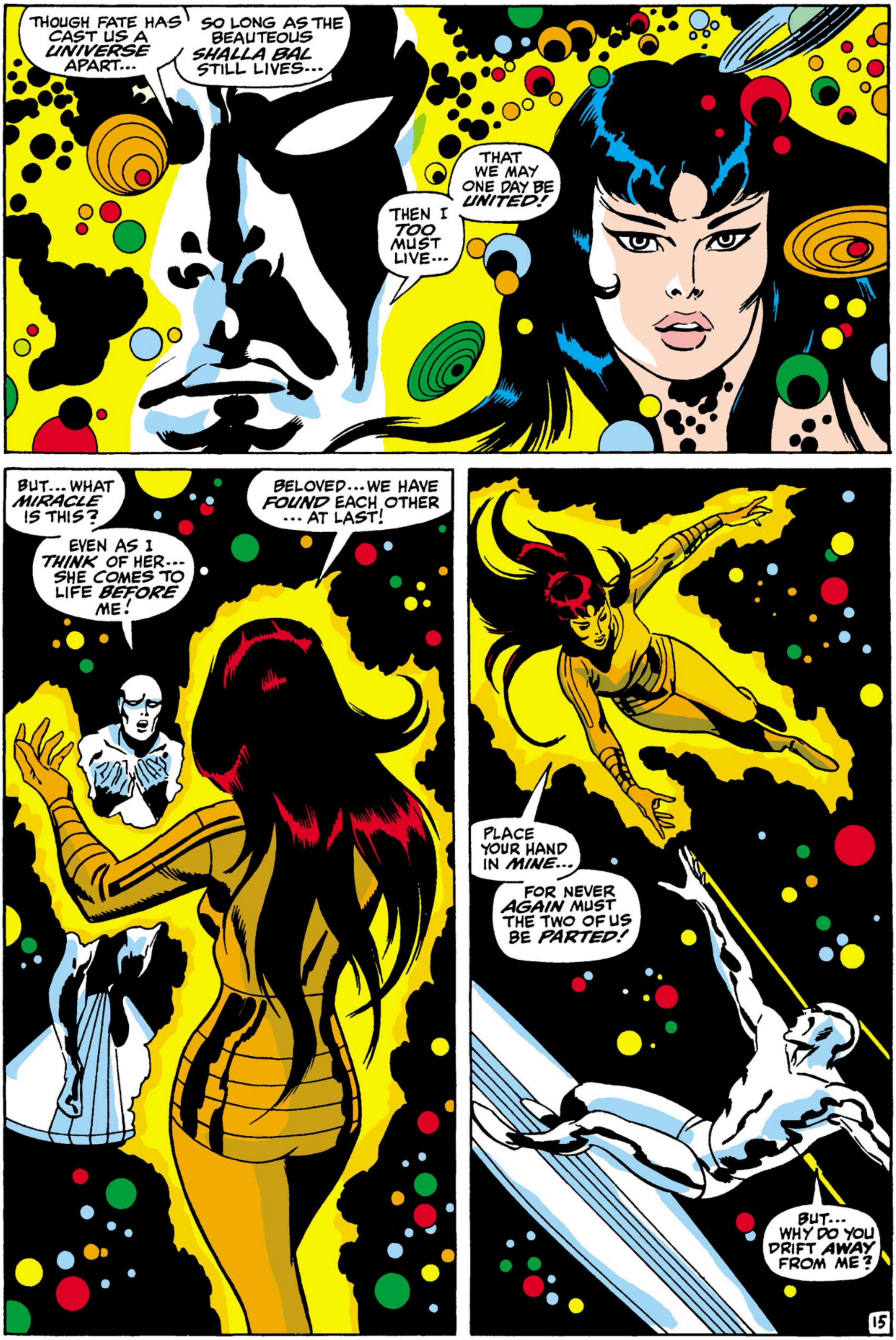

...TO CRUSH THE SILVER SURFER!


AT THAT MOMENT...
THE SUDDEN ATTACK... THE ODOR OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE... ALL MEAN ONE THING...
MEPHISTO IS MAKING READY TO STRIKE AGAIN!

I FOUGHT HIM ONCE...AND CAME AWAY UNSCATHED...
YET, HIS POWER IS LIMIT-LESS!
AND TO HIM, A LIFETIME IS THE FLICKER OF AN EYE!

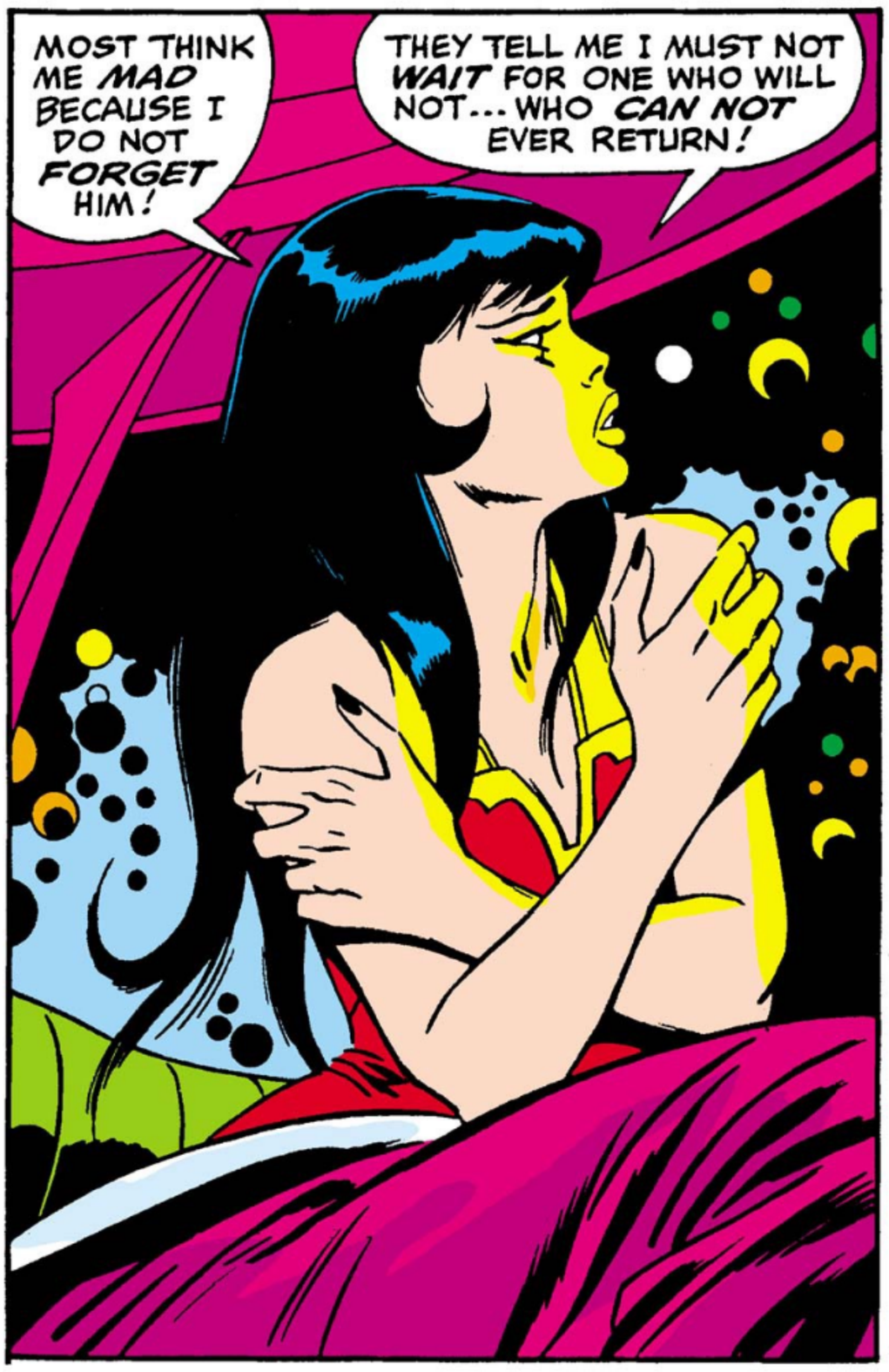
BUT I MUST NOT LOSE HOPE!
NO MATTER WHAT THE THREAT ...THE SURFER MUST FACE IT... UNAFRAID!
FOR, I DO NOT FIGHT FOR MYSELF ALONE...

BUT...FOR THE MEMORY OF... ANOTHER!


THOUGH FATE HAS CAST US A UNIVERSE APART...
SO LONG AS THE BEAUTEOUS SHALLA BAL STILL LIVES...
THAT WE MAY ONE DAY BE UNITED!
THEN I TOO MUST LIVE...
BUT... WHAT MIRACLE IS THIS?
EVEN AS I THINK OF HER... SHE COMES TO LIFE BEFORE ME!
BELOVED... WE HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER ... AT LAST!
PLACE YOUR HAND IN MINE...
FOR NEVER AGAIN MUST THE TWO OF US BE PARTED!
BUT... WHY DO YOU DRIFT AWAY FROM ME?
15

NOW... BEFORE MY VERY EYES... YOU BEGIN TO VANISH!
YOU'RE FADING FROM ME... LIKE A SHADOW IN THE LIGHT OF DAY!

WHILE, AN UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCE AWAY...
MY DEAREST ONE! WAS IT TRULY YOU I SAW?
WHY DID YOU DISAPPEAR BEFORE I COULD TOUCH YOU?
AGAIN I'VE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A MAD, IMPOSSIBLE MIRAGE!
NO! IT... IT WAS MERELY A DREAM!
AND YET... IT WAS SO REAL... SO LIFE-LIKE... I SEEMED TO HEAR HIS HEART BEAT!


MOST THINK ME MAD BECAUSE I DO NOT FORGET HIM!
THEY TELL ME I MUST NOT WAIT FOR ONE WHO WILL NOT... WHO CAN NOT EVER RETURN!

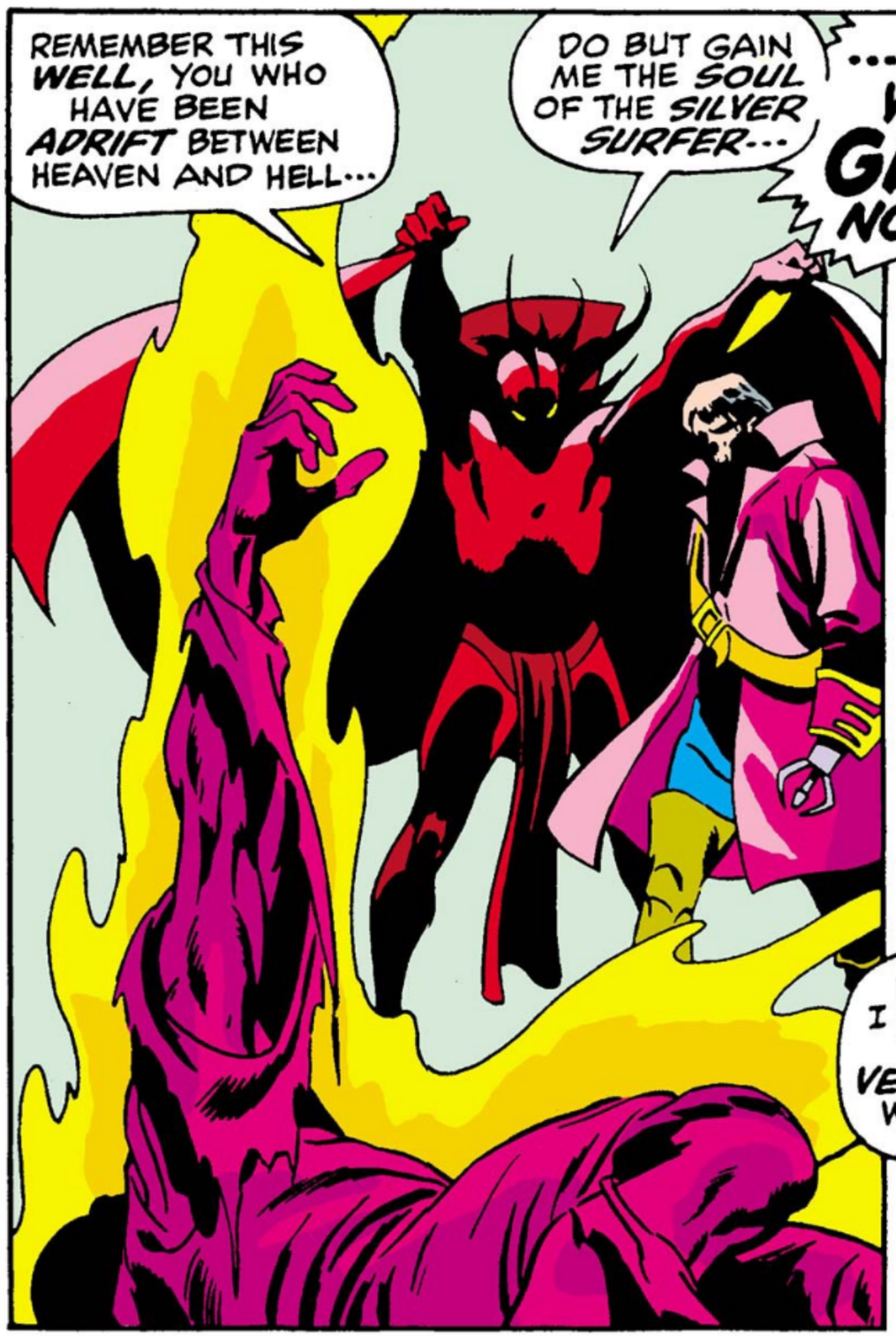
BUT, SO LONG AS MEMORY ENDURES... I SHALL BE TRUE TO HIM!
AND I THANK A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE FOR MY HAUNTING DREAMS...
THE DREAMS WHICH SEEM TO BE FATE'S WAY OF TELLING US...
WE MUST NEVER FORSAKE EACH OTHER!

BUT, FOR EVERY HEART CONSUMED WITH LOVE... THERE ARE THOSE, ALAS, ALIVE WITH HATE...
SPTAN-NG!

PERFECT! YOU HAVE USED YOUR NETHER BLAST AS WELL AS I INTENDED!
YOU HAVE CHANGED HIM, MEPHISTO! HE IS ARMED ...AND POWERFUL!
BUT SHOULD HE NOT SERVE ME, AS WELL?

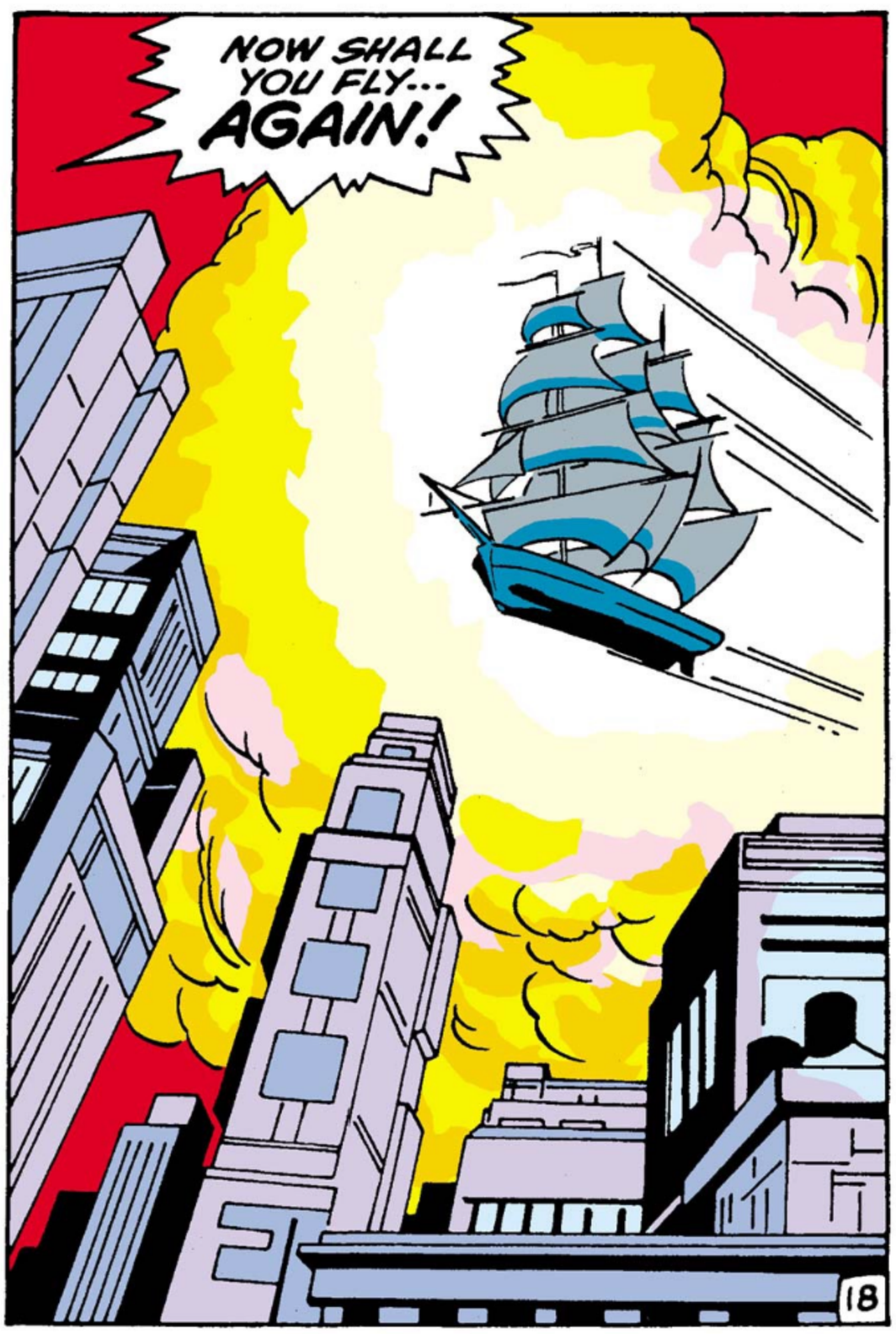
WITLESS MORTAL ...AGAIN YOU DO PRESUME TOO MUCH!
YOU THOUGHT TO SUMMON THE FORCES OF EVIL...
NOW YOU SHALL LEARN THE DEADLY PRICE OF SUCH AMBITION!
CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE YOUR TARGET!
I HAVE GIVEN YOU GREAT POWER! I COMMAND YOU NOW ...TO USE IT!
ZZZSSSST!

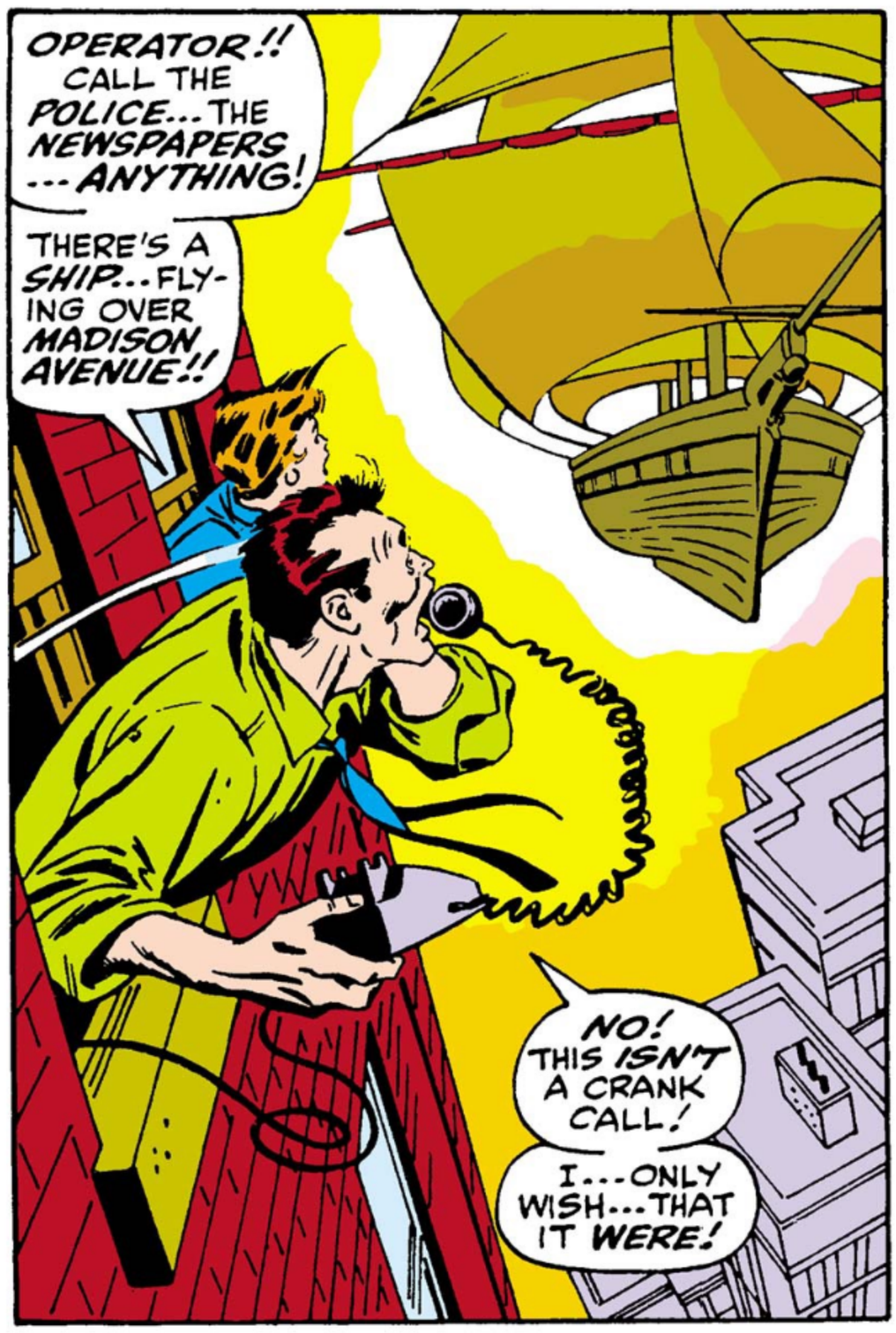
THE MORTAL HAS UTTERED HIS FINAL INCANTATION!


REMEMBER THIS WELL, YOU WHO HAVE BEEN ADRIFT BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL...
DO BUT GAIN ME THE SOUL OF THE SILVER SURFER...

...AND YOU WILL BE GHOST NO MORE!
BUT NOW, I PERCEIVE THAT A VESSEL IS WANTED...

SO... VESSEL YOU SHALL HAVE...
FOR, YOU WHO WERE THE FLYING DUTCH-MAN...

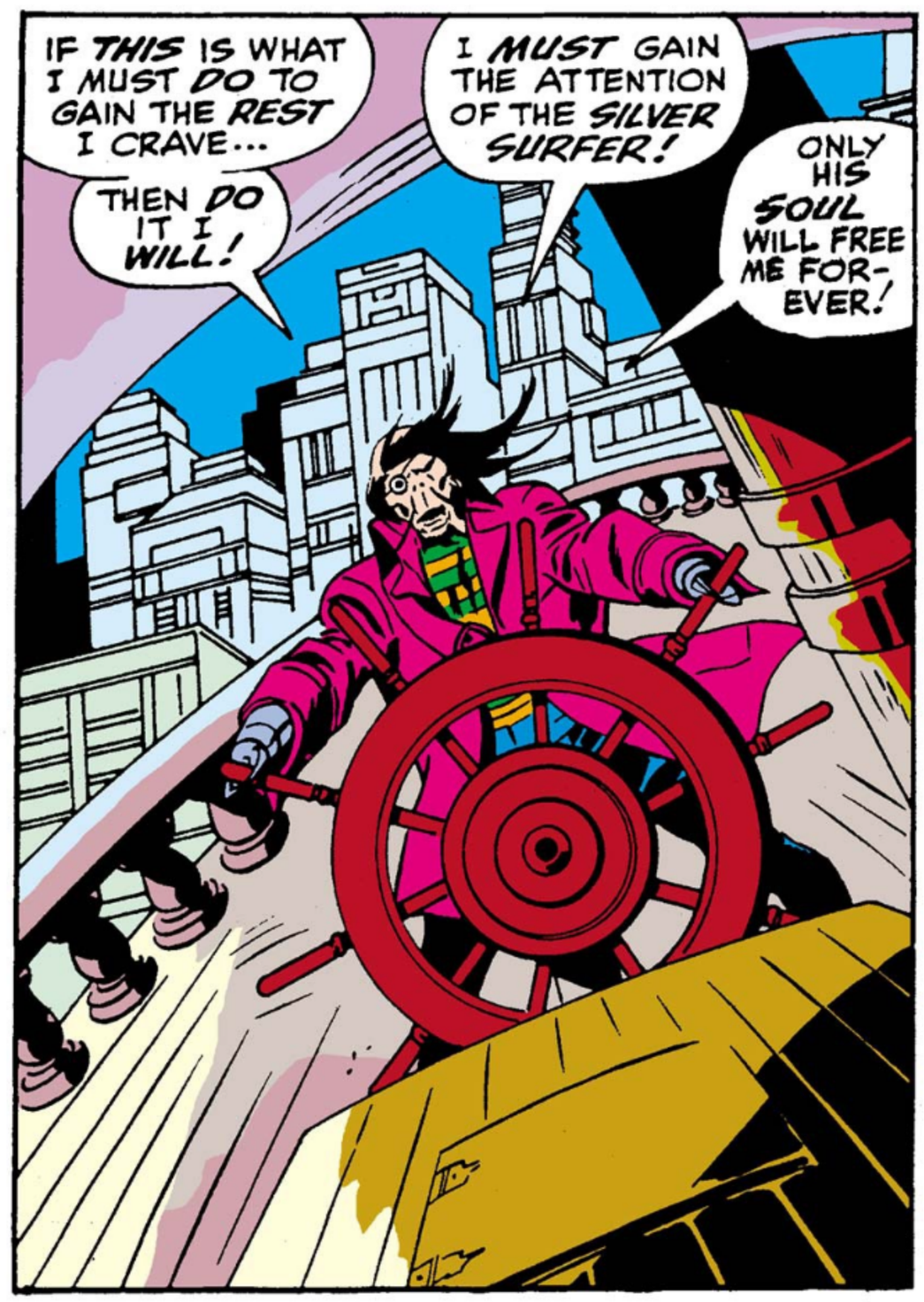

NOW SHALL YOU FLY... AGAIN!


OPERATOR!! CALL THE POLICE... THE NEWSPAPERS ... ANYTHING!
THERE'S A SHIP... FLYING OVER MADISON AVENUE!!
NO! THIS ISN'T A CRANK CALL!
I... ONLY WISH... THAT IT WERE!

WOW-EEE! THAT'S ONE WAY TO BEAT THE CROSS-TOWN TRAFFIC!
IT MUST BE HELIUM-FILLED... LIKE AN ADVERTISING BLIMP!
I WONDER WHICH AD AGENCY DREAMED IT UP?
AT LEAST THERE AIN'T NO PARKIN' METERS UP THERE!

NOW... WHILE THEY STAND GAPING BELOW...
I MUST LET THEM LEARN OF THE POWER I POSSESS!

FZZO-F!



SPECIAL NOTE FROM STAN:

BIG JOHN AND I NEVER INTENDED TO MAKE THIS A TWO-PART CONTINUED TALE! IT WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED AS A 40-PAGE SUPER-SAGA!

HOWEVER, DUE TO THE FACT THAT YOU'VE FLOODED US WITH MAIL DEMANDING THAT WE GO ON SALE *MONTHLY*, WE WERE CAUGHT WITH OUR PANTO-GRAPHS DOWN, AND HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO CUT OUR STORY, WHICH WAS ALREADY HALF-DRAWN, INTO TWO EQUAL PARTS!

HAD WE NOT DONE SO, WE'D HAVE HAD TO SKIP AN ISSUE; AND WE COULDN'T BEAR TO INFLICT SUCH A FATE ON MARVELDOM ASSEMBLED!

SO JOIN US NEXT ISH FOR THE WRAP-UP... AND HENCEFORTH, THE OL' SKY-RIDER WILL BE ON SALE EACH AND EVERY MONTH, AT ONLY 15¢ AN ISH, WITH EVERY TALE COMPLETE!

TAMAM SHUD!

--SMILEY

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SURFER?!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Dear Stan and John,

The SILVER SURFER is now my favorite comic. Why? Because, in my opinion, this particular magazine most cleverly discloses the eternal battle that exists between the forces of good and the forces of evil. Through his eyes, we see the hate and the evil that make men their victim in this world. Even though love and kindness are strong, they are being constantly challenged by the destructive forces of evil. From issue number one, the magazine has been trying to illustrate this aspect and this is what makes that comic more outstanding than the others.

After reading SILVER SURFER number 6, I discovered that you have made a catalysmic mistake: on page five to seven, you show that the Surfer goes through time. This is impossible in practice, according to Einstein's theory. It states: when any form of object approaches the speed of light, the particles composing it increase in volume and the object slows down, thus making it impossible to pass the speed of light. So, according to this theory, the Surfer couldn't have possibly passed the speed of light. Apart from that error, the story was very well constructed and I hope that you will continue turning out masterpieces of this type. 'Nuff said — I think!

Gabriel Barbeau, 12 Lowrey Street
Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada

Hmmm . . . so S.S. #6 was great except that the whole story was impossible, eh? Well, you're probably right, Gabriel, so in the future maybe we'll try to stick to the palpable, possible, *plausible* things about our halcyon hero — like the fact that he has a silvery coating and rides thru the sky on a mentally-directed surfboard.

(Forgive us, pal . . . we aren't trying to put you down, honest. But there are certain ironies connected with putting out a mag dealing with *any* superhero mag, let alone THE SILVER SURFER, and every once in a while we just haveta let off steam and point out a few of 'em for the cognoscenti out there in Marvel-land . . . whose numbers are obviously legion! Glad you liked the *rest* of the ish, Gabe!)

Dear Stan and John,

Since issue #3, I have considered the SILVER SURFER to be the best of Marvel's many magazines. Unfortunately, the June issue didn't quite live up to my expectations.

The Surfer looks different this time. John has changed the way in which he highlights Surfy's metal skin. The old way was better. As he is, he looks too much like a very pale bald gentleman.

Another point — the issue started with the Surfer mourning his sad fate. This is getting to be a cliché. It *is* an essential part of the strip, but it should be introduced more subtly.

The SILVER SURFER generally contains a moral. This issue seems, strangely, to lack one. After the lessons against savagery printed in the issue immediately preceding, #6 is especially weak. Wha' hoppen?

Another thing that bothered me: Why didn't the Surfer simply go *back* in time? It seems the obvious solution to his problems. If he had gone back to a time before the force-shield had been created, he would have had several advantages. Most important, Shalla Bal would still be living on Zenn-La. By going *forward* in time, he reached a point where she had already died.

Except for that lack of logic, the story was well-written, and Buscema is one of the very best artists in the Bullpen. Keep it up!

J. Scott Stewart, P.O.B. 905
Hastings, Nebraska 68901

So Gabe Barbeau thinks the ish was great except for the impossibility of time travel, while J. Scott Stewart found it splendid except for a total lack of redeeming logic.

Apparently, Stan and John are doing *something* right. They just kind'a wish somebody would tell 'em just what it *is*!

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

R.F.O. (Real Frantic One)—A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.

T.T.B. (Titanic True Believer) — A divinely-inspired 'No-Prize' winner.

Q.N.S. (Quite 'Nuff Sayer) — A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

K.O.F. (Keeper Of the Flame) — One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.

P.M.M. (Permanent Marvelite Maximus) —Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.

F.F.F. (Fearless Front-Facer) — An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.

Dear Stan and John,

Though biology is not my greatest subject, I shall attempt to dissect SILVER SURFER #6. And, if you feel like screaming at any time during the experiment, feel free!

A: The cover. The large, wide-mouthed alien at bottom was represented well, as was his guard, in the background. The Surfer, however, was lacking in detail . . . making a nice change from the norm. All in all, congratulations.

B: The story. Excellent!! Though time travel was not particularly original, the overall result was spectacular. The time paradox was enough to make one's head spin, and I gave up on it after ten minutes. One complaint, though: in this story, you have limited the boundaries of the universe, making it finite. I do not believe the Overlord could possibly have destroyed *all* human life in the universe, as it is seemingly endless. To do so would take a lifetime.

From the Surfer's attitude, he expected to see Shalla Bal again. This meant that it couldn't have been very far into the future (100,150 years) and thus, there would be many planets still in existence to oppose the Overlord. What about the Kree? Surely, they could destroy him! And the Skrull Empire? And, any of a billion other alien planets you have brought into your story. And then (you're gonna hate me!) what about the race of the Watchers? Sure, their code forbids them, but not in self-defense! Were they destroyed, too? And the Stranger, and Galactus? And, what of the Norse and Olympian gods? Had they been destroyed, also? And . . . well, that's enough. I come to praise Marvel, not to bury it!

C: The art. FANTASTIC is the only word! Sal Buscema's inking is excellent for John's pencils.

D: The Watcher story. Great! And finally...

E: The vividness of your book. I can almost see a silver guy on a surfboard coming through my window like a . . .

Alan Brennert, 90 Lupton Lane
Haledon, New Jersey 07508

To tell the truth, Alan, we had as many reasons for digging your letter as you had for grooving on SS#6. We enumerate them as follows:

A: We liked it.

B: We liked it.

C: We — well, we sort'a figure you get the general idea by now.

Excelsior, Jerseyite!

Dear Stan and John,

I am not going to try to introduce my letter the way some of your fans do by giving phrases and phrases of alliteration and five-dollar words, because even though I enjoy these letters, I am not equipped to imitate one of them. However, I will say this, "I like your magazines because I think they are good, even if a bit fantastic." And, furthermore, my deepest sympathies and affections are now not as much for the Hulk as for the magnificent Silver Surfer.

It is when I began reading of him in the last issue, SILVER SURFER #6, "Worlds Without End" that the following question arose in my mind: "Who is the most powerful character, human, thing, beast, or otherwise intelligent being ever created by you and your staff?" I realize the Thing is strong, but the Hulk is stronger. The Silver Surfer is stronger than both of these put together. But, Galactus defeated his herald handily, and the Stranger could have done so in S.S.#5, "And Who Shall Mourn for Him?" The most recently powerful figure is in SILVER SURFER #6–the Overlord–who, as it seems, conquered the entire universe. (By the way, where were Galactus and the Stranger at the time of his conquests?) But, to finish my letter: Who is your most powerful character, past or present?

Jerry Slawych, 1829 Barton St. E.
Hamilton 31, Ont., Canada

That's a question never settled, Jerry . . . and one that, frankly, comes up rather more often than we care to think about it. There is definitely an upper echelon of the Surfer, Thor, and Hulk — with the water-bound Sub-Mariner not far behind — but that, of course, is only among the *heroes!*

Certain villains, good-guys, and neutrals (such as the ones you mentioned, plus the occasionally wishy-washy Watcher, great Zeus, and big daddy Odin) are, as you state, as far above any of our heroes as the latter are above us normal types. But which is the most powerful? And does there stand some yet-to-be-introduced character who will dwarf them all? We've been bending over backward lately not to pull a cop-out on any of our readers' questions, but this is one for which we frankly have no answer as yet — so we'll have to beg off and let you frantic ones continue to bat the matter about, as you've been doing now for lo, these many years!

Dear Stan and John,

I for one have become a devout Marvel-fan! Especially in relation to your brilliant and soulful SILVER SURFER. For years, I had devoted myself singularly to non-fictional, intellectual reading material. During that time, I had come to learn there was one theme stressed in these books common to all who are great — individuality. Individuality connotes to me integrity, self-assurance, concern for others, respect for oneself, and a certain depth of mind and heart, encompassing a broad and understanding intellect. The individual is a *true* intellectual, which is one who possesses and shows a power of the mind to grasp ideas and relations, to exercise dispassionate reason and *rational* judgment and refined taste — the facylty of discerning and appreciating what is beautiful or appropriate, and what is peculiarly correct for a given situation, context, etc., *ergo*, the SILVER SURFER, the embodiment of all the above.

Never have I seen such a skillful portrayal of these facets of the true individual as was evocated in SILVER SURFER #5. And, to see the Surfer build a liaison and friendship with another fine person, Al Harper, was to see what *brotherhood* means. With John and Sal Buscema, as illustrator and embellisher, respectively, and such a letterer as Sam Rosen, the effect and affect came across most cogently and powerfully. With these talents and scripts by Stan Lee, is it any wonder Marvel is becoming the example of what true and harmonious artistry can accomplish? 'Nuff said!

James R. Jonas, 1366 Park Way
Dinuba, California 93618

Not quite, James. We're taken too much aback to comment at length on your self-explanatory letter . . . and anything we could say would probably sound either immodest or ridiculously self-effacing. So, we'll just say thanks for the kind words — and the cogent critique — and let it go at that. But we appreciate 'em, friend — and don't let anybody ever tell you different!